

THE LITERARY GAZETTE;

AND

Journal of Belles Lettres, Arts, Sciences, &c.

No. 1074.

LONDON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 19, 1837.

PRICE 8d.
Stamped Edition, 9d.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

1. *Female Beauty, as preserved and improved by Regimen, Cleanliness, and Dress, &c. &c.* By Mrs. A. Walker. Pp. 435. London, T. Hurst. 2. *The Ladies' Science of Etiquette.* By AETETH. Pp. 64. Glasgow, J. Reid. 3. *The Philosophy of Courtship and Marriage.* By Egoism. Pp. 62. Glasgow, Symington and Co.; Edinburgh, Oliver and Boyd; London, Whittaker and Co. 4. *The Honours of the Table; with Hints on Carving.* By Trussler Redivivus. Pp. 72. Idem.

On looking at the title-page, and glancing over the contents and illustrations of the first of these publications, we were forcibly struck with the notion, that it must be a most objectionable book, and calculated to be injurious to the welfare and happiness of *man-kind*. What, said we, instruct in further captivating arts, those who already possess the power of disturbing all philosophy, and destroying the peace of every mind? It is a monstrous thing; and

'To gild refined gold; to paint the lily;
To throw a perfume o'er the violet!'

and on the too dangerous charms of female beauty to bestow a stronger magic, is wasteful and ridiculous excess. Gray beards will be brought into peril. Married men, after the honeymoon (say two months), will be unable to resist the increase of extraneous attractions. The young (except dandies and exquisites, who think only of their own pretty selves) will be ruined, without a chance of rescue, and horse, foot, and dragoons, put *hors de combat*. Teach the mischievous how to do more mischief: it is scandalous! Mrs. Walker has much to answer for; and we shall be glad to revenge ourselves upon her, by picking out a few of her faults; say in composition to begin with.

"I am sure (she affirms), that the girl who at fifteen strives not to please, will be an ill-natured and disagreeable woman at five and twenty;" meaning, that a girl who does not strive to please at fifteen will not be a very amiable person at twenty-five. That is true enough; but who ever saw a fifteener that did not try to please? as well expect philosophy at eighteen! [God save the Queen]. But let us proceed: we like the *ation-ality* of the following paragraph, *nation well*:

"I may say (says Mrs. Walker), that the whole plan of the work is new as well as systematic; and that not less new are—the consideration of dress as a fine art having definite principles—the vindication of the superiority of fitness to fashion, of cleanliness to cosmetics, and of natural complexion to artificial paints—the view of the relation of colours to each other, of their application to the face by contrast and reflection, and of their power to correct every fault of complexion—the exposition of the various modes of enhancing the effect of fine forms and features, and of correcting faulty ones—the generalizations or simplifications which regard the composition of dress—the views as to character, simplicity and ornament in dress, &c. &c. &c. as well as the method of illustrating these by drawings."

But, having done our spite, we may confess, that Mrs. Walker, admirably assisted by Parris

and Wright, with forms and countenances on which, by a simple contrivance, changes of dress and colour are made to shew their different effects, and by Sir A. Carlisle at the top of her medical advisers on the subject of regimen and health, has really produced a work full of excellent precepts for the proper care and cultivation of the fair sex. There is nothing left out; and the necessary attention to cleanliness, ablutions, the hair, nails, bathing, air, colds, &c. &c. &c. is not only enforced with judgment, but particular directions are given for every circumstance or condition in life.

It is to Part III. "Dress," that we turn for more particular notice; the introduction is grand—*rotundo ore*.

"Clothing (quoth Mrs. Walker), is intended to act as a barrier between the natural temperature of the body, and the external temperature of the atmosphere—a barrier which ought to be more or less impervious, according as the changes or excesses of external temperature are more or less likely to injure the organs. The properties of the various substances, used as clothing, arise from their being good or bad conductors of caloric (or the cause of heat), and electricity, from the quantity of moisture which they imbibe, either from the external air, or from the emanations of the body, and from the facility with which they allow it to escape. It is evident, that that substance which is a bad conductor of caloric will be the warmest, because it neither allows of the escape of the caloric from the body, nor permits any caloric to penetrate it, and it consequently leaves the internal heat to concentrate on the surface of the skin."

Having thus scientifically laid the solid foundations of millinery, the writer offers some very judicious remarks on the wearing of flannel, and shews, that its habitual use, next the skin, is to be deprecated, inasmuch as it prevents its being efficaciously employed in cases of need, when it would be an invaluable remedy.

Stays are rather delicate subjects for male critics, and, therefore, we pass them by with our *Alace*! Buses are still more ticklish, and corsets—we must refer to Mrs. Huntley, p. of mystical numbers, thrice three, or in figures 333. We will, however, venture to touch upon the bustle. Nothing, we are assured, "can be in worse taste than the monstrous and ill-shaped bustles we commonly see, sometimes placed altogether on one side, and sometimes so irregular, that they look as if some domestic utensil were fastened under the dress. French women have a much better contrivance, which they call a *tournure*. The *tournure* is a handkerchief, drawn by the end through the stay-lace at the waistband. It raises up the folds of the dress, makes them fall with elegance, and diminishes, in summer, the necessity of wearing a number of muslin petticoats. By way of giving a finish to the style and arrangement of the dress, the robe is then drawn a little on one side, pressed down on the hips with the back of the hands, and the tips of the fingers are passed several times through the folds behind." Garters are important, now that her majesty wears one upon her arm; and it is delightful to know, that the meanest of her subjects may

do more than that, for, "if the calf of the leg is slender, and the knee small, two garters may be worn; one above, and the other below."

But we must leave this really practical, sensible, and useful volume to the sex for whom it is intended: they will find it full of good advice upon almost every subject which concerns their daily and nightly comfort, their external appearance to the greatest advantage, and to their general health and happiness. To finish; we shall take leave to quote some observation on the imitation on the French fashions, which, though not very gallant towards our continental rivals, contains some just and pointed counsel.

"The women of France, considered generally, are the ugliest in Europe. Their forms are angular, meagre, and arid; their skin of greenish brown, or olive hue; their hair of an opaque dirty looking black, and excessively coarse; their forehead low; the general configuration of the head, as observed by Count Stendhal, like that of the monkey; their eyebrows compressed; their upper lip frequently covered with mustaches; and their voice rough. The most conspicuous point, in their moral character, is a degree of vanity so excessive, that, combined with such an exterior, it seems, to the calm and sensible observer, at once ludicrous and contemptible—an affectation so monstrous, and attended with such shrugs, shrivels, and grimaces, with nasal *ongs* and guttural *hrrs*, so brutal in sound, that, on first witnessing them, we begin by thinking it an unmerciful quizz, and end by discovering it to be a disgusting reality. Strange to tell, it is in this very ugliness and vanity, which have just been described, that originates French fashion. The deplorable physical condition and the extravagant mental desire combine to engender a desperate ingenuity in the invention of some palliation from dress and manners, which may mitigate such a condition. No violation of nature, accordingly, prevents the adoption of a dress which may serve for concealment. But the matter ends not here. The same vanity which engenders French fashion spreads its influence. Affected attitude, impudent strut, and impertinent chatter, are not more natural to that people, than they are necessary to the presentation of these monstrous inventions as absolute beauties. The combination of these is called, '*un air imposant*,' '*la mine imposante*.' And they do, indeed, impose upon the weaker, that is, the more numerous, minds in all the surrounding countries. Does a Frenchwoman assume an immense bonnet, in order that the ribbands and other appendages of which it admits may either soften or withdraw attention from her angular features? The Englishwoman throws aside her smaller bonnet, within which beauty alone could be seen, and obtrudes to the spectator a trumpery dress instead of charming features. How stupid and absurd a sacrifice! Does a Frenchwoman assume *des fichus montans*, frills, &c. because her neck, which may be relatively long, is black and skinny, and presents the horrible *cordes au cou*, or stringy neck, caused by passion, crying, shrieking, loud talking, &c.? The Englishwoman, whose neck may be relatively short, round, polished, and white, absurdly adopts

the same disguises, and leaves herself as little neck as a pig! Does a Frenchwoman assume monstrous sleeves, *en gigot*, to cause a waist in which there is almost always a vaccine expansion of the lower ribs to appear less by comparison? The Englishwoman, whose waist is almost always slender enough, not only adopts the French monstrosity, but laces herself until she brings on the frightful catalogue of diseases described by Mr. Conlson, in his interesting work on the 'Deformities of the Chest.' Does a Frenchwoman assume a wide skirt and numerous trimmings to aid the last-mentioned purpose as to the waist, as well as to conceal her meagre and bony limbs? The Englishwoman follows the example, and adds to her ampler hips and relatively shorter limbs, until she converts herself into a formless mass. Does a Frenchwoman adopt the strongest and most glaring colours, to overpower the yellow, green, and black horrors of her visage, or the frightful mustaches of her upper lip, or her coarse and dirty black hair? The Englishwoman assumes the fashionable colour, which is equally calculated to make her look ill and the Frenchwoman well, and which renders her exquisite complexion insipid, and gives to her soft and placid features the air of '*un monton qui rève*.' So complete is the imposition generated by French ugliness and vanity, that the French, as a pastime and solace to these amiable qualities, employ themselves extensively in making models and pictures of dresses, which they never wear,—which their means, indeed, do not permit of their wearing,—but which strangers, in their simplicity, adopt. So complete is this imposition, that the most ignorant French pretender finds instant employment as a dressmaker in London; her stock in trade being formed so monstrous as utterly to destroy our *bellezza pellegrina*, colours that render our women hideous, and (though last not least) the incapability of speaking one word of English. So complete is this imposition that, in London, many English dressmakers, when their features are hard enough, and their complexion dark enough, find their profit in assuming French names, and in refusing to speak one word of English. Some, indeed, of the more daring make a curious mixture of both languages; while the less capable pretenders stupidly speak one word or sentence of tolerable French, and the next of vulgar English! Bating the imposition, however, the success of these women is as well warranted as that of their genuine French rivals. In both, that success becomes the natural and merited punishment of the silly and vulgar creatures (for there is a vulgar of all ranks), who, instead of enhancing their beauty by the fitness of dress, deteriorate it by fashions which they run after with the mob, and which alone would render them vulgar if they had no other claim to vulgarity, in that want of mind which knows not how to consult individual beauty and turn even vulgar fashions to its purpose. Happily, a new era has lately commenced. Enlightened women of all ranks begin to extract, from the fashion of the mob, only what suits their individual forms and features: all begin to understand the influence of the various forms of dress upon the figure and the features, and that of the various colours of dress upon the complexion. One of the most fashionable dressmakers, a few days ago, said, 'We are now finding out that all imitation is vulgar, seeing that no two persons are alike.' Accordingly, in walking at the west end of the town, about five o'clock during the season, we meet many ladies who, without entirely abandoning the vulgar fashion, yet

admirably modify it, or boldly depart from it, to suit their own figure, features, or complexion. These ladies may know little or nothing of the general principles of dress which are here delivered, and which are applicable to every one; but each has at least more or less perfectly discovered what suits her individually; and it is often delightful to observe the ingenuity with which this is applied. The ladies are now numerous who purchase no article of dress merely because it is of a shape or a colour which is preferred by the vulgar who follow every fashion, but which would destroy all pretension to beauty on her own part. Such errors are now committed only by the most ignorant and tasteless persons. On the contrary, it may be extensively observed, that ladies of the most refined taste are distinguished, especially as to promenade dress, by the simplest and chastest costume; and so surely is this the case, that if any one happen to follow a lady whose dress is marked by these characteristics, and which presents sombre and, in themselves, less agreeable colours, he may almost certainly predict handsome features and a beautiful complexion; because these colours, if judiciously chosen, render almost every complexion striking and brilliant. When ignorant people, who understand not the meaning of such a choice of forms and colours, observe such unexpected beauty, their surprise is expressed in exclamations, and they never fail, in their ignorance, to add, 'How much more beautiful she would be if the forms and colours of her dress were prettier;'—that is, more gaudy! Their mistake is gross and vulgar; and the frequent occasion of it is a proof that, at least among certain classes, public taste is rapidly improving."

The second publication on our list, and the third, are, apparently, from Greeks of Glasgow (*ΑΣΤΕΙΗ* and *ΕΠΙΤΥΧΕΙΣ*), and it might have been more captivating if the latter had taught the Philosophy after Marriage, as well as in the progress towards that happy condition. But before coming to it, we must say a few words to No. 2, a work which has had the distinction of being prosecuted by the "Hints on Etiquette," and convicted of piracy, in the clear estimation of lawyers, judge, and jury. Thus did the "Science of Etiquette" find out, in quite another sense, the "Philosophy of Courtship," i. e. damages and expenses! Let this be a warning to all future writers on the subject, and, unless they have something new to propose, let them eschew it. Are there two ways of making a bow? no; unless they tell you to bend your head backwards: two ways of sitting on a chair? no; unless you turn the chair upside down like the tumblers at Bartlemy fair: two ways of entering a room? no; unless you prefer the window to the door: two ways of going out? no; unless you abandon the common walk, and execute the feat by somersets: two ways of eating? no; unless you employ your nose instead of your mouth, and spoil your snuff-hole for ever. It is, indeed, a dangerous vanity to pretend to go beyond the "Hints" on teaching etiquette. It was, under such circumstances, not bad contrivance to make a book for ladies; and it has other novelties beside its first conception. Thus the darlings are told—

"If any one introduces himself to you in a manner betraying the least want of respect, either towards you or himself, you can only turn from him in dignified silence; and if he presumes to address you further, then there is no punishment too severe."

We wish its nature had been defined; the vagueness of the denunciation is too appalling

to be endured! But the following is more, and wonderfully clear; and we think the Glasgow ladies are not over and above obliged to the writer for the supposition.

"Avoid all indelicate expressions, and appear not to understand any that may be uttered in your presence. Some ladies not only relish *double entendres*, but actually use them. Yet, however much it may create a feeling of cleverness at the moment, cool reflection is, afterwards, sure to condemn it both on the part of the speaker and listener. Such discourse, wanton glances, and lightness of carriage, are considered by men as gauntlets to dare them to speak and act in a more free and unguarded manner than they otherwise would have the boldness to do. Let it be impressed upon your mind, that many ladies have lost their character through a little indiscretion on these heads—and it is as bad with the world to appear to have lost caste, as really to have lost it." Let not *ΑΣΤΕΙΗ* venture to walk in the Gorbals after such insinuations as these. We would not ourselves, notice him further, but for the following not unbefitting sequel to the language and conduct just indicated: "Custom allows ladies, at the end of an entertainment, to dip their fingers into a glass of water, and to wipe them with their napkins; it allows them, also, to rinse the mouth, using their plate for this purpose; but custom sanctions in vain what is of itself disgusting. It is for the mistress of the house to give the signal to leave the table; all the guests then rise, and, offering their arms to the ladies, wait upon them to the door. We should not leave the table before the end of the entertainment, unless from urgent necessity. If it is a married lady, she requests some one to accompany her; if a young lady, she goes with her mother."

The Philosophy book, No. 3, is a most grandiloquent affair, and, as the author alleges, "pregnant with matter;" and, indeed, so fond is he of this phraseology, that we might say of him that he is "pregnant with pregnant." It occurs for ever; but the work is finely studded with other tit-bits of composition. For instance: "Whether the discoverer has lighted upon a country where it [marriage] did not exist in some shape, he has ever found a community pre-eminently distinguished for rudeness and barbarism."

* * * Many a one chooses a wife with no greater forethought or consideration than he would a horse or a dog—looking merely at her *external points*." Bachelors must ultimately be wretched, though "Out-door amusements, such as the theatre, the ball-room, or the convivial board, may afford him a certain degree of gratification;" [very odd out-door amusements!] and we for him, the single man, when he comes to his final, for "The footsteps which prowl about his bed will sound like the flapping of the wings of unclean vultures wheeling around the expiring victim, their each individual feather quivering with impatience for the moment when the last beat of the pulse, and the last inhalation of vital air, will surrender the victim to their obscene orgies."

Leaving particulars for general principles, we are told with equal luminousness, that "Man is essentially a social being. The only

* See note in the first col. of the next page.

† The contrast is superlative: "The married man is prepared and fore-armed for these vicissitudes. 'He has comfort still.' His children, clustering like ivy around the aged trunk, shelter and defend it from the cold blast—an arm is ever ready for his support, a hand is never wanting to drag the cup or smooth the pillow. Gold can do much, but all the wealth of Ormus and of Ind., could not purchase comforts and consolations such as these to the solitary man. Gold might emblazon the costly escutcheon, but it could not purchase tears to wet the velvet of the coffin." Why not?

source of true philosophy hath said, '*non est bonum esse hominem solum*;' and experience hath ever shewn that pleasure unshared loses half its relish, and no sorrow so deeply corrodes the heart as solitary sorrow;" from which we gather this simple axiom, that

Pleasure doubled is double,
Sorrow doubled is halved.

Or that

Pleasure halved is doubled,
Sorrow halved is quartered.

Q. E. D.

We must, however, find room for some more specimens of this amazing classic, near, if not of, the University over which Sir Robert Peel presides, and if not a wise man of the East, at any rate a glory to the West—of Scotland. Listen. "Experience teaches, that when parties associate constantly, as in the married state, *there comes to an amalgamation of tastes and feelings, even as the tendrils suits itself to the shape and direction of the tree around which it clings*;" or, in other words, man and wife become as like each other as a bramble and a beech-tree!! But we become sentimental: "Depraved, indeed, to a singular degree, must be that man whom the thought of a young, loving, and beautiful wife, would not draw from the wine cup ere the mercury had reached the point of excess. Miserably depraved as human nature is, I think better of my kind than to imagine that many could be found capable of callously resisting such an appeal." Who ever heard of people taking mercury with their wine before? Surely this is not the famous Glasgow punch! What follows is droll enough: "When a man once sees his way before him, he may not only safely but advantageously marry, for, by so doing, a spur will be given to his exertions, more effectual and quickening than any abstract maxims of prudence, or even ambition itself, could supply. *He will rise earlier in the morning, and sit later at night*;" and this reminds us of the Scotch song—

"John Anderson my Jo John,
I wonder what ye mean,
Ye rise sae early in the morn,
And sit sae late at e'en."

But after all, "When people talk of the expenses of a married establishment, they seem to forget the fact, that *there is no housekeeper equal to a wife*." Mark that, ye licentious libertines! though "An excess either way is pregnant with probable consequences equally pernicious, and opposed to a rational chance of happiness;" and the author again repeats, in the same page, "I am aware of no subject so pregnant with disputes and heart-burnings."

There seems to be a spice of the trader in our teacher of philosophy, for he decries "the penury of mere birth," as compared "with the fruitful concupiscence of trade;" and speaks of "Some odious little comparison between the stream of blood which for ages had flowed in heraldic and well-counted dignity, and that which had its source and fountain-head in the counting-room or cotton-mill." And, again, you are thus to treat your wife: "Make a companion of her, in the fullest acceptance of the term, and do not consider it beneath your dignity to suit your conversation to her tastes and intellect. The price-current may contain matter vastly pleasing to you, but it is very probable that your young wife would as lief hear you discourse of other matters than the price of cotton, or the texture of broad cloth."

* There is a freemasonry in the returned pressure of the hand, which is more pregnant with meaning, than a whole portfolio of letters. * He is as much at home as possible. A pregnant source of discomfort in the nuptial state, is unsettled habits of the husband in this respect."

What, indeed, does she care, if *rums is riz*, and *sugars is fell*?

A young woman who marries a man old enough to be her father, seems to stir up all the gall in the writer's nature, and he denounces the prudent mammas who make up such matches. "Alas (he coarsely cries) for the frequency of such cases! When will mothers cease to play the parts of shamelessly avaricious bawds? The term may sound harsh, but I have written it advisedly, and there it shall stand. The only fitting response which youth can make to the matrimonial solicitations of age is *anathema maranatha*."

A wife ought to know a little of domestic duties, though our author is not too exigent. "I would not (he says) ask her to compound a pudding, or ready a steak with her own hands; but I would have her to know something of the nature of such operations, in order that she might check carelessness, or instruct ignorance in the 'help.' I would deem it unreasonable to ask her to adjust the apparatus of the dinner table, but I should like to see her with an eye schooled to detect any irregularity or misplacement. * * * I know (he learnedly adds, though we cannot tell why he uses the Latin* in writing for ladies) that I run no small risk of being accused of Spartan barbarism, when I assert that a knowledge of the *ars culinaria* should form part of every young lady's education." And what follows is still better: "I do not say that you should teach a woman ropedancing, because she may possibly elope with the manager of a circus. But I would have her educated so as to meet all the probable exigencies and vicissitudes of life." But health in a wife is even more important than ropedancing: for, "When health is wanting, there can be no certain or permanent happiness. The house becomes, so to speak, an infirmary, to which every succeeding birth adds a new patient—the pathway from the bed-chamber to the churchyard is defined with fearful distinctness—and madness, with his rattling chain; and gibbering idiocy, with his cold and meaningless smile, are seldom far from the mansion." But forewarned, forearmed; and the wooer has plenty of good advice in these pages. *Ex. gr.* "Love, like fire, is a good servant, but a bad master; and to follow, exclusively, its dictates, is as unsafe as to *fetch a dangerous leap blindfolded*. Whenever one begins to feel affection 'tugging at his heart,' therefore, he should put in exercise an extra proportion of caution and deliberation. A beautiful garden smiles before him; but if he rush headlong to banquet in its charms, he may, perchance, be overwhelmed in the bogs and quicksands which intervene, and the fair prospect vanish from his grasp.

* Like the elfin bell in the mountain pool."

This chapter, therefore, shall be mainly devoted to certain little matter-of-fact suggestions, to which the lover might as well take heed, ere he plunge into the Rubicon by popping the question. I may premise that *I am not groping among the unknown paths of theory—my motto is 'nothing if not practical'*—and with the Trojan prince I may say, in reference to the matters I now treat of,

— Quaque ipse vidi
Et quorum pars magna fui—

At Glasgow there is an admirable means of testing a young lady's literary and moral taste, which, we regret to think, exists not in London,

* And Greek, too, for urging that man and wife should be of the same religion; he says, "Where this is not the case, there never can be that reciprocation of feelings and affections which constitutes the *τὸ καλὸν* of the matrimonial state."

or any where between the metropolis and Gretna Green. Mr. *Egerton* informs, "If you wish to know the bent of her mind, so far as literature is concerned, let her accompany you to my friend Symington's Emporium, and request her to select, from his store of tomes, a volume which may be an appropriate present to your sister. This is a test which will be more effectual, because altogether unsuspected. In acted conversation she might date upon Hannah More, but depend upon it she will select her namesake Tom, if she really prefer the one to the other. *Probatur est*." To crown his precepts, this 'special long-eared quad, says, "I would also call in Phrenology, as the counsellor, of all others, the most to be depended on. * * * When a man acts with inconsideration in this respect, I know of no sight more terrific, than the cloud of bills which darken his table at the close of the first six months from the date of marriage." See also that the husband hath the organ of philo-progenitiveness, for "the man who hath no love for children—who shrinks from their fondling embrace, and turns away with stolid apathy from their lisping prattle, is a species of *homo natura*, or social monster, who is greatly incapable to act a befitting part in the domestic drama. If you are cold and careless in this respect, be certain that there is something unsound at bottom." We fear that, whatever the author himself may be in this respect, he is deplorably unsound in the upper story; but not being a jury de lunatico inquirendo, we now leave him to his fame and fate.

The carving directions (No. 4) are so much as before, that we need not cut out many specimen slices; the following, of the newest order, may suffice:—

"In eating your soup, to poke your nose into the plate is vulgar and unbecoming. It has the appearance of being used to hard work. * * * If it be necessary, then, to avoid this error, it is much more so to avoid 'smelling at your meat,' when on the fork, before putting it to your mouth. * * * To be well received, be circumspect at table, where it is exceedingly rude to scratch any part of your body, to spit, to blow your nose (if you cannot avoid it, turn your head), to eat greedily, to lean your elbows on the table, to sit too far from it, to pick your teeth before the dishes are removed, or leave table before grace is said. * * * Pinch no one in conversation to make him listen or admire a witticism."

"To young ladies, who ought to be the patterns of society, the models of politeness, the beau ideal of good taste and good manners, we would say, permit a few words of friendly advice. To be what you ought to be, 'never be afraid to blush; do not talk loud; refrain from talking much; do not even hear a double entendre; avoid lightness of carriage; be discreet; affect no languishing; dare to be prudish; be not too free; do not be cheap; be modest, and moderate in dress; shun the idea of a vain woman; study dignity of manner; boast not of your appetite, nor say any thing that conveys an indelicate idea; receive a salute modestly; be affable with the men, but not familiar; be civil, but not complying; be not always laughing and talking; seem not to hear improper conversation.' [This looks deuced like our Greek friend, the Philosopher, No. 3, upon the manners of Glasgow gentlemen and ladies; but we proceed.]

"When a bird is cut up, and served round to the company to take that part of it which they like, it would show a becoming modesty to take the worst part." [It would be funny to see every body do this; eat all the necks, backs

drumsticks, &c, and leave the legs, breasts, and wings.]

"As eating a great deal is deemed indelicate in a lady (for her character ought to be rather divine than sensual), it is ill manners to help her to a large slice of meat at once."

For the present, enough. As we intend very shortly to be in Glasgow, should we acquire any further information likely to be advantageous to our readers in London, Paris, or elsewhere, we shall hasten to communicate it in a distinct article.

A Handbook for Travellers in Southern Germany, being a Guide to Bavaria, Austria, Tyrol, Salzburg, Styria, &c. the Austrian and Bavarian Alps, and the Danube from Ulm to the Black Sea. 12mo. pp. 407. 1837. London, Murray; Leipzig, Black and Armstrong; Paris, Galignani.

THE preceding volume, dedicated to Northern Germany, with all the care and attention almost peculiar to German productions of this class, is here followed up by an equally well arranged and copious Guide for Travellers in the various countries mentioned by the title-page. Steam and railroads facilitating the intercourse of the traveller in every direction, the tourist is no longer content with a trip to Brussels or Paris, or a visit to the Rhine, the Rhone, or the Po. The immortal human thirst for enterprise and the acquisition of more information, impel him to the Danube and the Wolga, the Nile and the Euphrates, the Black Sea and the Caspian, the Andes and the Himalaya,—the uttermost corners of the earth; and, by and by, when these, also, are exhausted, he will, unless aerostation gets to be sufficiently improved for lunar and stellar voyages, weep, like Alexander, because he has no other world to itinerate. Perhaps, from this, our divines may point a moral, and tell him to look forward to the world to come; and, surely, when lassitude has succeeded all his other pursuits, the time will be good to impress this salutary counsel on his soul.

But we shall not speculate on the future, nor on the spiritual course which may naturally be suggested by circumstances as yet to be born, though apparently fast approaching; our business is with to-day, and with such people as may desire this pleasant autumn, when the harvests of Europe are gathering in an abundance without precedent, to recreate themselves with an excursion through any of the routes described in the volume before us. The land is wide, and has many interesting sights to shew. Fine cities, with rich museums and galleries of fine arts; natural scenery of every form of grandeur and beauty; courts, camps, and nooks of rural simplicity; diversities of language, of costume, of manners, and of feelings; the ruins, the remains, and the legends, of former ages; the improvements, the inventions, and the superstitions, of the present era;—all illustrated in vivid shapes, and offered to the consideration of the intelligent mind. Not an hour need be spent in vain; and, together with the acquisition of knowledge and the useful powers of comparison, there is to be gained that most invaluable of all blessings, that which enables the fortunate proprietor to enjoy and double all the rest, the blessing of health.

Away, then, Handbook in hand, for the Continent! with light luggage, an equable temper, and a desire to be pleased; and though we do lose our readers for a month or two, we shall be gratified to think, that when they return, they will be the better qualified to

appreciate and relish our never-enough-to-be-admired-and-valued lucubrations for their instruction and delight!!

A work of this kind does not require or admit of much quotation to support the testimony to its worth. The best recommendations must be accuracy in directing the roads, indicating places of halt and refreshment, and not passing by any remarkable objects without telling us when and how they can be seen to advantage. All these fair qualities, as far as our experience can judge, are possessed by this Guide; and its map, and money-tables, &c. complete the sphere of its utility. We will just copy a few passages to exhibit its style and method:—

"Markt. Between this place and Braunau, the Salza falls into the Inn. These two rivers divide the Bavarian from the Austrian territory. The Bavarian custom-house is at the village of Simbach, on the left bank of the Inn; and on the right is the first Austrian town, Braunau. Inn, Traube, not good, though best in the place. Here passports and baggage are examined by the Imperial officers. Braunau has 2000 inhabitants, and is partly surrounded by its ancient wall and ditch, though they no longer serve for its defence. In the parish church is the tomb of one Steininger, whose death was caused by the length of his beard, which tripped up his heels. A portrait of him and his beard, is seen on the gate leading to Salzburg. Palm, the bookseller, who was murdered by Napoleon, for publishing a pamphlet against him, is buried in the same church. He was seized by a party of French *gens d'armes*, who crossed the frontier for the purpose, and, being tried by a court-martial, was shot here."

We go to the Danube, noticing that the author points out several errors in Mr. Quin's work on that river, though, in other respects, he does justice to him, Mr. Planché, and other English writers.

"For 60 miles below Alt Moldova, the Danube is not at all times navigable, and from this point begins the excellent road, recently constructed by the Hungarian government, along the left bank of the Danube to Orsova. When the river is low, the steam-boats descend no further than Moldova, and passengers are here embarked on board the Tünde, a sailing cutter with a small covered cabin capable of holding about 25 persons. This journey will be performed in carriages as soon as the new road is finished. The cargo, carriages, and heavy baggage, are transferred to barges, and follow the cutter at a slower rate. At other times, when the river is full, Drenkova, 12 miles lower down, is the station where steamers stop. Travellers should not quit the steamer without securing a basket of provisions, wine, &c. from the steward, as nothing in the shape of refreshment, except maize flour, and bread of the blackest hue and hardest substance, or of accommodation, is to be procured between this and Orsova, a voyage of eight or ten hours at the quickest; sometimes extending to three days, up the stream. Moldova lies at the foot of the mountains, a spur of the far distant Carpathians, which for some distance have been seen on both sides gradually approaching the river, and now appear to close all passage downwards. Mr. Quin singularly enough suggests the plan of constructing a canal from Rama, opposite Moldova, to Widdin, by which he proposes to avoid the great bend which the Danube here makes. He is quite justified in following up this suggestion with the remark, that he 'despairs of such a work being un-

dertaken within the next half century,' since the mountains, which he would be required to cut through, to effect his project, run in an uninterrupted ridge between the two points he has mentioned, and rise to a height of from 4000 to 6000 feet. He might as well talk of cutting a canal through North Wales, taking Snowdon by the way.

"Alt Orsova. Inn, Kaiser von Oesterreich, which furnishes three or four tolerable sleeping apartments: bed, 25 kr.; dinner, 30 kr.; breakfast, 15 kr. There are other small inns in the town; and it is proposed to construct a new one, which shall deserve the name of an hotel in a short time. 'Orsova is a military village, about three miles from the frontier, with about 900 inhabitants, chiefly Wallachians, a race distinct from both Hungarians and Slovacks, intruders, as it were, in this land, though, in the course of centuries, they have pushed themselves into the heart of it, from their own country (Wallachia Proper), so as to form the majority of the inhabitants in many provinces. They have a more wild and barbarous appearance than even the other races which inhabit Hungary, and are clad from head to foot in sheep-skins, wearing high hairy caps, like the end of a mop, and long cloaks with the wool outside, reminding one of a door-rug. With their low foreheads, unshorn locks, and filthy persons, they really look not much superior to the animals whose skins they occupy: at least, such was my first impression as I threaded my way through a crowd of the lower sort, collected together in the ante-chamber of the inn, which re-echoed with their wild cries, and was redolent of the fumes of garlic and schnaps, which the host was dispensing to an already half-inebriated party of them. These, however, were labourers of the lowest grade. The female Wallachs, when young, are often very pretty; they wear a peculiar costume, a sort of apron, dyed red and black, falling nearly to the feet before and behind, the lower parts of which consist of a long fringe of the same colour, which dangles about their feet. They enclose their feet in high Hessian boots of bright red leather, and are generally occupied, in or out of doors, in busily twirling the spindle. Outside the town, by the water-side, and near the ferry over the Danube, stands the Parlatorium, a wooden shed in which the market (Skela) is held. On account of the quarantine regulations, the inhabitants of Servia and Wallachia are prevented coming in contact with the subjects of Austria, and dare not cross the frontier without an escort. The Austrian quarantine is five days for those who come out of Wallachia, and ten for those from Servia; the Wallachians again have a quarantine of five days against the Wallachians, so that none of the three parties can intermix for the purpose of buying or selling, nor can they touch each other's goods. On this account the building where the market is held is divided by three partitions, breast high, behind which the dealers of the three nations are congregated. In an open space in the centre is a table, by the side of which the Austrian quarantine officers take their stand, aided and supported by a guard of soldiers with fire-arms and fixed bayonets, to enforce order and obedience. Whenever a bargain is made, the money to be paid is handed to one of the attendants, who receives it in a long ladle, transfers it to a basin of vinegar, and, after washing it, passes it on to the opposite side. The goods to be purchased are placed within sight, and are immersed in a tub of water or fumigated, when they happen to change owners.

It is an amusing sight to see the process of bargaining thus carried on by three parties at the distance of several yards from each other, attended by the vociferation and gesticulation inseparable from such business. When the bartering is transacted, the Wallachians and Servians are escorted back to their own territory, as they had previously been in coming to the spot, by a guard of soldiers.—*MS. Journ.* Any person wishing to visit the Turkish fortress of New Orsova, on an island about two miles lower down, the Iron Gate, or Trajan's Bridge, must take with him from Orsova an officer of quarantine and another of customs, who are paid at the rate of about two florins a day, and must return before sunset. If the traveller ventures to cross the frontier without a guardian, he cannot return without passing ten days' quarantine."

We shall conclude with some of the general remarks upon the ancient empire of Austria.

"It has been the fate of Austria, hitherto, to have been described almost exclusively by writers who have taken a prejudiced and one-sided view of her government and institutions; and who have not even done justice to the beauties of the country, the flourishing condition of her manufactures, the bravery and loyal spirit of her inhabitants, and the happy condition of the majority of the population. In stigmatising the government as the most tyrannical of despotisms, they have overlooked the fact, that the subjects living under it, especially the lower orders, are the most contented and joyous in Europe, because actually the best off in worldly matters, the least taxed or oppressed by fiscal burdens of any kind. They have represented Austria as a land of darkness and ignorance, as the *Bacotia* of Europe, forgetting that education is more widely extended among the common people than in any other country of Europe, except Prussia, and this entirely by the government itself, for the Austrian rulers turned their attention to this subject earlier than those of most other countries, and have been ceaselessly employed for the last century in establishing schools in every part of their dominions. The Englishman may learn with surprise, and no little shame, that the number of persons who can read, write, and understand the elements of arithmetic, is beyond comparison greater in the hereditary states of Austria than in his own enlightened country, or in France. In Austria Proper every child must go to school for a certain number of years; even poverty is no excuse, since schools are provided in every parish, with such endowments as to enable those who cannot pay the very small sum required, to obtain gratuitous instruction. No person can marry, or set up in any trade, without producing a written certificate of their attendance at school. Numerous normal or pattern schools, in different parts of the country, furnish a supply of teachers; that of Vienna alone sends out between 1600 and 1700 annually. Though it is deemed sufficient that the great mass of the lower classes should possess the mere rudiments of knowledge, or such good and practical information as shall fit them for their station in life, without rendering them dissatisfied with it, those among them whose talents or intended profession render further intellectual acquirements desirable, are sent to grammar schools, high schools (*gymnasias*), and universities, to complete their education; with the prospect, if they distinguish themselves, of afterwards being placed in one of the public offices, and of certain promotion, if their talents and conduct attract the attention of their superiors, who are always

on the look out for rising merit, and anxious to gain it over to the side of the government. Within the last fifteen years schools have been established in every parish of Venetian Lombardy, so that the despotic government of Austria is bestowing upon its Italian subjects a boon denied them by all previous rulers. Public instruction is also making progress in the more remote provinces, in Illyria, Gallicia, and even in Bohemia and Hungary. Here, indeed, the number and difference of race and language, among the subjects of Austria, interpose very serious difficulties. Out of a population of nearly 34 millions, only 6 millions are German; the rest are, Slavonians (16,000,000), Hungarians (4,500,000), Italians, Wallachians, Jews, Gipsies, &c. Let the Englishman, who enters Austria, however proud (and justly) he may be of his own free country, nation, and institutions, reserve the pity which he may be inclined to bestow upon the condition of the Austrians, because they possess neither constitution, representation, free press, trial by jury, nor 'any other of those elements which go to make up what is termed liberty.' Let him rather observe the fortunate lot of the peasantry, their superiority in worldly prosperity, perhaps even in moral advancement, over the same class in his own country, the almost total absence of beggary, the rare occurrence of crime; and remember the words of the poet—

'How small, of all that human hearts endure,
The part which laws or kings can cause or cure!'

Good humour, joviality, and a love of pleasure and tranquillity, are the distinguishing features of the Austrian national character. Under a government which affords them such enjoyments they desire no change; and so far from envying John Bull, they rather look with commiseration, not unmixed with ridicule, upon some of those anomalies which they discover in English manners and habits.

"*Austrian Cookery, and Inns.*—There are two reasons why something on the above important subject should be said in this place: first, because Austria is universally allowed to be the land of good living, and dinner is a portion of the business of the day regarded with more importance here than elsewhere; in proof of which it may be mentioned, that the usual morning salutation is not, as with other nations, 'How do you do?' or, 'Good morning,' but, 'I wish you a good appetite,' and, after 12 o'clock, the usual dinner hour, 'I wish you a good digestion.' The second reason for the introduction of such a subject is, that the stranger visiting, for the first time, this remote part of the Continent, and not much acquainted with its manners and language, must necessarily stand in need of some information, to enable him to interpret an Austrian bill of fare, and to know what to expect, and what to ask for at inns. The restaurateurs of Vienna, Prague, and Pesth, are not much less skilful than those of Paris, and their cuisine nearly resembles the Parisian. Styrian capons, Danube carp, and fogasch, a species of perch procured only from the Plattensee in Hungary, are among the peculiar delicacies to which the epicure will direct his attention. Vienna is plentifully supplied with game; and here, as elsewhere in Austria, the puddings (*mehlspeisen*) have attained the summit of perfection. Our business is chiefly with the 'cuisine sauvage,' and the prospects of the traveller in remote districts, far away from cities, and in the midst of the mountains. Dinner is always commenced with soup, usually bread or egg soup, very tasteless. To this usually succeeds boiled beef, and then the national dish, chicken

fried in lard, and cut into pieces, called *gebackenes hühn*, or vulgarly, *bock hühn*: it is, on the whole, not a bad dish, and is, beyond doubt, the best mode of dressing a fresh slaughtered fowl, as it rarely happens that the animal is killed until the dinner or supper, of which it is to form a part, are already ordered. The traveller may safely ask for this dish when in a hurry. In Hungary, the national dish is a fowl stewed with red pepper, called *paprica hühn*, which is also by no means an unsavoury dish. It is necessary to warn the stranger against *veal* (*kalbs fleisch*), the constant recurrence of which will almost bring him to loathe the sight of it. *Sauerkraut*, which is cabbage cut into small pieces, laid in a cask between layers of salt, pressed down by weights above, and thus pickled in its own juice for six or eight months, is to be met with every where; but the English rarely succeed in accommodating their palates to it. Even the epicure, however, may dine in content, if the bill of fare do but contain trout (*forellen*); and there are very few seasons and situations in which they are not to be met with among the mountains. It would indeed be worth the trouble of a journey to a gourmand, merely to eat the trout. They are the fish bred in the cold snow-fed rivulets of the Alps, brought from thence and prepared for the table in stews, perforated with holes, sunk in some running stream. They are carefully fed; and when required for the table, make but one leap from the cold water into the saucepan. They are brought to table either fried, or simply boiled in their own dark blue coats, beautifully spotted with red; and, when in good condition, have all the firmness of the white of an egg. The fish tank, with which every mountain inn in Austria is provided, often contains salmon, grayling, carp, or char; they are fed with bullock's liver cut in pieces, and are often in better condition in the stew than when first taken; no one thinks of carrying or sending dead fish for dinner. Chamois venison (*gams fleisch*), and game of various kinds, including black cock (*schildhahn*), and sometimes cock of the woods (*auerhahn*), are by no means uncommon. The wines of Austrian growth, chiefly the produce of vineyards around Vienna, are, for the most part, sour, and not good; those of Hungary are far better. The *Otten* is a very excellent red wine; *Schomlauer* and *Nessmühler* are good white wines. The inns, in large towns, are pretty nearly alike in all parts of Germany; but those in the remote parts of Austria, among the mountains, display some peculiarities worth notice. On arriving at the post-house, or inn, the new comer must not expect to be ushered in by a trim waiter, with napkin tucked under his arm. He will most probably have to find his own way, under a low archway, by a passage which, though boarded, serves for the ingress and egress of horses and carriages, to the public room, or *Gast Stube*, which he will, perhaps, have to share with the people of the village; unless, as sometimes happens, there is an inner or better apartment for guests of distinction. It is generally a low apartment, with vaulted roof, supported on massive buttresses; at the door he will find a little cup for holy water; not far off hangs a crucifix, sometimes with a figure as large as life; and the walls are ornamented with stags' horns, or a chamois' head, probably, trophies of the rifle of mine host. The furniture consists of heavy tables of unpainted wood, which, when the housewife is tidy, are kept as clean and white as ivory. Several sleepy-looking peasants will usually be seen seated on benches around them, half enveloped in the smoke of their pipes, nodding

over several huge beer glasses with pewter lids. In the corner stands an unwieldy stove, the general point of attraction in cold weather. If the stranger, in search of some member of the establishment, extend his researches, he may, perhaps, find his way into the kitchen; in the centre of which, below a gaping chimney, is a raised platform paved with stones all scorched and black. Upon this culinary altar a wood fire is blazing, over it hangs a caldron, while around it, if it be near noon, the usual dinner hour, two or three busy females will be assembled, each tending some department of cookery, and too busy to notice the stranger. It is, however, to be hoped that by this time the *kellerin* (female waiter) will have made her appearance. She is a bustling, active damsel (often the landlord's daughter), with ruddy cheeks, and a good-humoured smile for every body, very trimly dressed, and beaming about her the symbols of her office, a bunch of keys on one side, and a large leathern purse on the other. Through her active mediation, the traveller's wants (provided they are not extravagant), are soon attended to, and in half an hour the trout and chamois are smoking on the board, and with the never-failing friendly salutation of 'I wish you a good appetite,' he is invited to commence his repast. Sometimes mine host himself appears, and seats himself by the stranger's side, as it would be considered rude to leave him alone during dinner in this country, a piece of old-fashioned politeness which an Englishman, if not prepared for it, might call impertinence. As he rises from table, the guest is probably wished 'a good digestion'; for the dounce of a five-kreutzer piece when settling his bill, the *kellerin* will smother his hand with kisses; for here the expression, 'I kiss your hand,' in return for a favour, is not confined to the word, but is followed by the act, and as he leaves the house a hearty greeting of '*glückliche reise*' from the whole household, will follow his departing steps, provided he have conducted himself properly. The traveller cannot fail of being struck with the warm reception which he meets with often at the little out-of-the-way inns in the Tyrol. The hospitality which he receives resembles more the welcome of a friend than the ordinary entertainment of a passing guest; there seems an anxious and disinterested study on the part of the inmates to make the stranger comfortable, and not to contrive how to get the most out of him, as in Switzerland. Still there is no cringing or obsequiousness, and the traveller must not return the attempts made to please him with complaints or dissatisfaction, else there is a chance of his being left supperless. He must, moreover, not entertain exaggerated expectations of an Austrian larder; and he should even be prepared to put up with the inconveniences of a German bed. The bedroom, it is true, will often be found deficient in convenience, destined for ten or fifteen tenants at one time, and the beds not always provided with clean sheets, unless a little coaxing be employed to put the *kellerin* into good humour, and thus obtain the concession of this point. As a general rule, however, the cleanliness of the inns of Tyrol, Austria, and parts of Styria, is most praiseworthy, as will forcibly occur to the mind of the traveller as soon as he crosses the frontier of Italy, and sighs with regret for the clean sheets which he has left behind. In the course of repeated journeys in various parts of Austria, the writer has had occasion to remark, that he almost invariably met with the kindest reception in those places where his countrymen were least known. Is not the reason of this, that the English carry

their prejudices and habits about with them every where, expecting, most unreasonably, to find abroad every thing they are accustomed to at home, instead of endeavouring to conform with the habits of the country in which they are travelling?"

Voyages up the Mediterranean, and in the Indian Seas; with Memoirs, compiled from the Logs and Letters of a Midshipman. By John A. Heraud. 8vo. pp. 231. London, 1837. Fraser.

THIS is a volume of peculiar interest; the original matter possessing the charm of ingenuousness and genuineness rarely met with in observation on foreign parts; and the task of editing the youthful, and, alas! posthumous, proofs of excellent understanding and high talent, being performed with skill and judgment, and, better still, with right feeling and in a right spirit. "This volume," says the advertisement prefixed, "is faithfully compiled from the logs and letters of the midshipman whose memoirs it professes to preserve. Mr. William Robinson was an enthusiast in his profession, and, at an early age, fell a martyr to his zeal. It is not too much to claim for him the character of being the 'Kirke White' of the navy. His career, though brief, was honourable; and he yet lives in the influence which his memory continues to exercise, over those who shared with him the adventures of a naval life. The present work was projected to perpetuate the benefit of his example; and the editor has aimed at no meaner end than to make it, so far as he had ability, a manual for the conduct of a sailor who would rise in the noble profession of his choice."

Nothing can more truly describe the work. William Robinson, the son of Dr. Robinson, LL.D., intended also to follow the profession of the law, was, at sixteen years of age, so affected in health by study and confinement, that he was forced to abandon his application; and Captain W. H. Smyth, being a friend of his father's, he, in 1821, accompanied that gallant and accomplished officer as a midshipman to sea, in his well-known survey of the coasts of Africa. From Alexandria to Tripoli he visited many places, and in his letters home describes the impressions made upon him in so natural and lively a manner, as to produce a very pleasing effect. Thus:—

"On the 6th of September the Adventure sailed from Malta, and, after a voyage of four days, arrived at Tripoli. On the 10th she cast anchor, about two miles from the town. She received a salute of seventeen guns from the pasha's batteries, which was returned. When the crew had prepared the presents intended for the pasha, viz. four field pieces, and several cases of powder and shot, Captain Smyth went on shore to visit his highness, who, on account of former acquaintance, received him with great personal kindness, and granted every thing that could be desired for the prosecution of his researches along the shores of the Great Syrtis and the Cyrenaica. Having obtained a vessel, the presents were all safely landed, with which the pasha was so much delighted, that he ordered the gunner to fire them twenty-one times, and then made him put some mules to harness, and draw them about his court-yard, with which he was as much pleased as astonished; for there was not such a thing as a wheel in the place. Nothing like a cart or wheel-barrow was seen any where, camels being their mode of conveyance for every thing. When all was finished, the pasha presented the gunner with a Turkish sword, much to his

liking; and sent a very superb one, with a real Damascus flaming blade, and a hilt of the horn of the rhinoceros, which had been blest at Mecca, to Captain Smyth, as a mark of his particular regard, a day or two after. He also made a present to the ship's company of two bullocks, three sheep, and a host of poultry, with bread, eggs, grapes, pomegranates, and pumpkins, in great quantity. Our midshipman next gives a description of Tripoli and its inhabitants, which will be found interesting, as the first impressions of a youth so suddenly transported from his native to oriental scenes. 'When first you land,' he observes, 'you are surrounded by a multitude of black people, who look more like ghosts than human beings, their dress being a pair of loose trousers, with a blanket thrown over them, so as only to shew their jet black faces; by their dress they really seem afraid of cold, although it is actually so very hot to Europeans. Their dress differs according to their rank; some have blankets thrown over their left shoulder, and brought down under the right arm, with a very loose pair of trousers, big enough to hold a week's provision; and others, who are of a higher class of inhabitants, have turbans, with a most elegant jacket, worked with gold lace, and yellow shoes or boots, just which suits the fancy of these oddities. The admiral of the pasha's fleet came on board the other day, and breakfasted with the captain: his jacket, which was purple, was most superbly worked with gold, and is said to have cost a thousand dollars, which was presented to him by the pasha; over the jacket he wore a black velvet cloak, almost as superbly worked as the jacket. He is a Scotchman—turned Turk, no doubt, for the handsome clothes he wears. All the men have immense beards and mustachios.'"

Could the most experienced traveller draw more vivid pictures? But again:—

"September 28th.—Saw the barge, and came to anchor off Monasteeer. This place has truly the appearance of Africa; olive and date-trees grow down to the water's edge as thick as they possibly can, and, consequently, great quantities of oil are made and exported. The French have got hold of this trade. The captain went on shore to pay a visit to the sheikh, and took some of the officers with him: we were received very politely; he was sitting squat on a couch, and did not rise at our entering, but bowed his head, and made a *salam*. He speaks Italian, which is the language spoken in most Turkish towns by the higher class of people. After sitting some time, coffee and lemonade were brought in. A curious ceremony was then performed. The sheikh had been honoured by the bey with the bur-noose, or vest of crimson cloth edged with gold lace, and ornamented with fringe and balls. This is esteemed a high honour; it was given to him because the Bey of Tunis was pleased with the manner he governed the district allotted to him. The cloak was paraded round the town, spread on a black man, one of the pasha's guards, and attended by one hundred horse and two hundred foot soldiers. On entering the room in which we sat, the black made a low bow, solemnly kissed the robe, put it over the sheikh's shoulders, and then kissed his neck. The guards and other people were now allowed to kiss the front and back of his hand; some his elbows, and some his neck, according to their several ranks; while the captain and we congratulated him on his new dignity. By this time the room was crowded to excess, and I was glad to make my escape to the window, to see the soldiers exercise. They

put their horses at full speed, let go the bridles, and took deliberate aim between the horse's ears; they then discharged their muskets as near the sheikh as possible, twirled them three or four times over their heads, tossed them underneath their arms, and suddenly brought their horses up, all standing. The foot soldiers were drawn up in rows, more like a multitude of beggars than troops; and had neither uniform nor arms. The band consisted of two drums of clumsy workmanship, and seven or eight pipes, exactly like those with which the shepherds are generally represented in classic authors, and which make a droning noise like bagpipes. This town is different from Tunis and Tripoli, in respect to its inhabitants; being all Turks or Moors, without the Frank intermixture usually met with."

In the bay of Cagliari he tells: "We went one Sunday to see the bishop perform high mass, in commemoration of the new pope's election. It was short; and the dressing him in his robes took up most of the time, as there was a new robe to every prayer. All this was done before the altar, which was lighted up, although before noon. When the people were to kneel down, the music played a dull tune, and when to rise again, a sort of country dance. Whenever any of them came into the church, they dipped the tip of their finger in holy water, and crossed themselves; but if any person was crossing himself, and a friend of his touched him, it would answer the same purpose. Last of all the bishop's mitre was placed on his head, a large silver staff, like a shepherd's crook, was presented to him, and he hobbled out of church, followed by the whole tribe of priests. We were introduced to him afterwards; he is very old, and so fat that he can hardly waddle or speak." We question if the strongest anticatholic politician of the present hour, could paint a more ridiculous scene of mummery and absurdity.

At page 147 there is a noble anecdote of the coolness and intrepidity of the writer of these remarks. It is thus related:—"In the accident now under observation, Mr. Robinson's assistance was greater than would be inferred from his own account of it. It was he who perceived the vessel edging away in such a direction that she must inevitably strike on a dangerous shelf of rocks, which he had been surveying. He kept his eye on her; he saw her strike, and almost immediately disappear, except only the topsail yard, to which the crew and passengers had ascended. He hastened to their assistance, and, with great coolness and skill, so placed the barge, as with the assistance of the small boat, to take off all the people from the wreck; soon after which the vessel went down. She was a Sardinian hombard, the *Sacra Famiglia* of Cagliari, to which place she was bound from Marseilles. Having divided his clothes among the unfortunate crew and passengers, he supplied them with three days' provisions, and put them on shore on the coast of Sardinia. Thus, by his coolness and intrepidity, thirteen of his fellow creatures were preserved from imminent destruction!" Poor fellow, he went to the East Indies, and just after passing with honour for his lieutenantancy, was seized with dysentery, and died at Penang, where his shipmates have erected a deserved monument to his memory.

But we will not dismiss our readers in gloom. What he would have been may fairly be predicted from what he was; and his loss to his family was a grievous affliction, to his country (rich as she is in naval heroes) a subject of sincere regret. Sailors, however, grieve not

for long after the casualties of life, and we (as they might do) conclude our notice, with a characteristic sketch of a Gosport ball, in 1825, from the pen of our then hopeful and healthful midddy.

"I went," he writes, "the other night to the Gosport subscription ball, to have a peep at the Gosport beauties; when, after bowing and scraping, and excusing myself to my polite partner for being out of practice, as not having danced for some time, and hoping she would help me through with the quadrilles, she very politely answered, that 'I ought to learn before I came there, as she was not fond of teaching!' I was not, however, to be taken easily aback; and managed, accordingly, to get through two sets of quadrilles, and two country dances. So much for Gosport."

The History of the Presbyterian Church in Ireland. By James Seaton Reid, D.D., M.R.I.A. Minister of the Presbyterian Church, Carrickfergus. Vol. I. 1834. II. 1837. 8vo. London, Whittaker and Co.

We deferred our notice of the first volume of this valuable historical work until the appearance of the second, and, we presumed, concluding volume; from the preface to which we now learn, that the first edition of Vol. I. "has been long since exhausted," and that it is Dr. Reid's intention to complete his undertaking in a third volume.

The first volume, which opens with a deeply interesting sketch of the progress of the reformed religion in Ireland during the sixteenth century, brings down the history of presbyterianism to the year 1642; from which period the second volume carries on the civil and religious history of Ulster to the year 1690; and in the third, and concluding volume, Dr. Reid says, "the narrative will be continued to the present time, and to which will be appended several authentic tables, and other documents, exhibiting the statistics and existing position and circumstances of the presbyterian church in Ireland."

It is impossible for us, with our limited page, to do justice to the calm and diligent research which is evident in the volumes before us, and which is generally convincing, and seldom tedious. We, therefore, select, as a specimen of the plain and agreeable style of Dr. Reid, the account of the national change from the Roman Catholic religion professed under Mary to the Protestant doctrines by law established under Elizabeth.

"So soon as circumstances permitted, which was not until the beginning of the year 1560, a parliament was held in Dublin, for the purpose of again transferring the sanctions of the law from the Romish to the Protestant faith. With the exception of the opposition given by the nobles, which, however, was so alarming as to induce the deputy to prorogue the parliament in a few weeks, this important change was speedily effected. Of nineteen prelates who had conformed to popery under Mary, only two now adhered with steadfastness to their profession, thus exhibiting another degrading instance of clerical tergiversation. The Commons, consisting of representatives from ten counties out of thirty-two, and from about twenty towns, principally under the influence of the crown, acquiesced more readily, though not without evident reluctance, in the proposed measures, so that the whole ecclesiastical fabric was again overthrown as promptly as it had been constructed at the accession of Mary. By this parliament, the ecclesiastical jurisdiction was restored to the crown, and a new oath of

supremacy appointed; the use of the Common Prayer was enforced; and all subjects obliged to attend the public service of the Church. A most absurd enactment was passed, respecting the use of the Common Prayer Book by those who might be ignorant of the English language. It was one of the essential principles of the Reformation, that divine service should be conducted in the language of the worshippers. As English was not a spoken language, except in the metropolis and some of the principal towns, one of the most obvious measures of the court ought to have been to have the Liturgy translated into Irish, and ministers speaking this tongue provided for that vast majority of the population who knew no other language. Accordingly, one of the instructions given to Sir James Croft in a preceding reign, had been to procure such a translation; but no efforts had been made for that purpose.* Instead, however, of reviving this wise and salutary measure, and giving it the sanction of legislative authority, it was inconsistently enacted, that where the minister, and, by implication, the people, did not understand English, the public service should be performed, not in the Irish tongue known to both parties, but in the Latin language unknown to either. The reasons assigned for this singular order were as insufficient, as the measure itself was absurd and ridiculous. They were founded on the pleas, that the Irish language was difficult to be printed; and that, if printed, few even of the native reformed clergy could be found competent to read it.† And thus, for the sake of these temporary obstacles, which prudent and zealous rulers would soon have found means of removing, the dissemination of the truth through the country was effectually impeded, and the most ignorant, as well as the most numerous, class of the community were cut off from the benefits of divine worship, and attached more strongly to their ancient errors."

We are almost tempted to make some observations on this passage, if our rule of abstaining from political and religious discussions did not check our inclination. Among the many curious historical passages in Dr. Reid's volume, the following, which is new to us, will be read with sorrow, at the ingratitude exhibited towards the brave, and almost romantic, defenders of Derry and Enniskillen. It is a sad lesson to mankind not to put their faith in princes.

"It is painful to be obliged to add that the gallant defenders of Derry and Enniskillen were treated very ungratefully by the state. Instead of being in anywise rewarded, they did not even receive the amount of pay which was acknowledged by parliament to be justly due to them. In 1691, the officers and men of both garrisons constituted Colonel Hugh Hamill, of Lifford, their agent and trustee, and authorised him to make the necessary applications to the crown and to parliament for their arrears. Seven years afterwards he resigned this office, and his brother, William Hamill, who resided principally in England, was appointed in his room. He used every effort in his power on behalf of his employers, but without success; and, in 1714, he published a statement of his proceedings, and a strong appeal to the public, entitled 'A Memorial, by William Hamill, Gent., Agent and Trustee for the Officers and Soldiers of the

* "According to Cox (l. 290), the first instruction given him, 'to propagate the worship of God in the English tongue, and the service to be translated into Irish to those places which need it.'"
† 2 Elizabeth, chap. ii. sect. 13.

two late garrisons of Londonderry and Enniskillen in Ireland, their relics and representatives. Dedicated to his principals.' London, 1714, 8vo. pp. 40. This effort, in their favour, met with no better success; and he was again compelled to lay their hard case before the nation, in a second publication, with this sarcastic and significant title, 'A View of the Danger and Folly of being Public Spirited and sincerely loving one's Country, in the deplorable Case of the Londonderry and Enniskillen Regiments; being a true and faithful Account of their unparalleled Services and Sufferings at and since the Revolution. To which is added, the particular Case of William Hamill, Gent., their Agent.' London, 1721, 4to. pp. 74. From this work it appears, that, after two and thirty years' tedious and fruitless negotiations, the following arrears were still due to the eight regiments that formed the garrison of Derry during the siege:—Baker's regiment, 16,274*l.* 9*s.* 8*d.*; Mitchelburn's, 9,541*l.* 16*s.*; Walker's, 10,188*l.* 13*s.* 6*d.*; Munroe's, 8,360*l.* 2*s.*; Crofton's, 7,750*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.*; Hamill's, 8,969*l.* 13*s.* 6*d.*; Lane's, 8,360*l.* 2*s.*; Murray's, 5,312*l.* 9*s.* 6*d.*; making a total of 74,757*l.* 17*s.* 8*d.*—not a farthing of which appears to have been ever paid!"

That this remarkable statement, against the honour of "the glorious, pious, and immortal memory of the good and great" King William's government, proceeds from no party feeling, is demonstrated by the concluding paragraph of Dr. Reid's second volume.

"So soon as Mr. Adair returned to Belfast, this important letter was presented to Schomberg. Under his fostering influence the Presbyterians enjoyed ample protection and toleration; so that, when King William arrived in Ulster, a few months afterwards, he found them, as a body, more numerous and influential than he had anticipated, and not unworthy of peculiar favour. With alacrity, therefore, he redressed their grievances, and vindicated their rights; and to this renowned sovereign—truly of glorious memory, not as the founder of a party, but as the intrepid assertor of civil and religious freedom—may, in a great measure, be ascribed the subsequent prosperity of the Presbyterian Church in Ireland."

Cory's Egyptian Chronology.

[Second notice.]

IN resuming the subject of Mr. Cory's volume, and before passing to its second portion, it is incumbent on us to obviate even a possible imputation of oversight on so important a question as that of the Trinity.

We recur a moment to the Mythological Inquiry to notice an error at page 66, last line. The name of Ormuzd is written in the Zend of the Zend-Avasta, as Ahoroeh Mazdâ; of which Anhouma is not the translation, but the equivalent, in the Pehlion portion. The proper meaning of Omanus (*Όμανος*, as the Greeks wrote it) is *unity*; that of *Ανους*, *essence*, or *vitality*. This last is a corruption only, and assimilates to Anhouma.

The Chinese sect of the Lao-tse, alone quoted by Mr. Cory, is comparatively recent. These and the Buddhists, both late, inculcate a Triad doctrine; but the original Chinese notion is of Tien, and a *light shining*; and of Pon-ko, who formed the world, of which the Yin and Yang are the two component principles (not *powers*) *Mosc* and *Fem*.

To say nothing of the Chinese Tao producing the Yin and Yang; and these, masculine and feminine, principles producing three

Creators: a process that argues a human mode of increasing or extending deification by mental cogitation; the existence of the San Pao sect, unnoticed otherwise in the volume, is so confined, and so obscure, that it makes, we think, against the proposition of a fundamental religious tenet in China. Nor is the Triad of Thibet at all more satisfactory for Tatar, unless it can be shewn that the Delai Lama's authority was universal there, and *ab initio*; and that the belief was not borrowed from their Sanscrit or Persian neighbours, and prevalent in only a portion of Tatar.

The recent work of Mr. Mushat, on the Trinities of the Ancients, a volume of considerable talent and laborious research, published nearly at the same time as Mr. Cory's book, takes a totally different view of the conclusion. "It is hard to be conceived (he observes, p. 27) how men of learning and judgment could adopt an opinion of this kind (the Platonic Trinity) without the most incontestable evidence: for, surely, the Trinity is a doctrine the least obvious to the understanding of one to whom revelation was a dead letter." In common with Mr. Cory, he attributes the fancy to the later Platonists; and we must observe, that the unavoidable ignorance and wilful distortion of their celebrated school, and its fellow-labourers, have been most injurious to learning and reason. Anxious to find a parallel for Christian revelations, they tortured every dull idolatry of Egypt into a divine mystery, which none can credit, and none have effectually refuted. It is strange, we conceive, that, in our ignorance of Egyptian lore, we should have resorted to channels so confessedly tainted by equal ignorance and greater partiality. It is clear that, so far as Plutarch, Macrobius, Porphyry, &c. are concerned, they had few or no certainties to go upon: that the real knowledge was lost; that their conjectures might be correct or otherwise, but not entitled in any case to more consideration than those of their successors in Egyptian inquiry—vitiated, as the former obviously were, by Greek imagination and Eastern metaphysics: till we discard those writers, therefore, or reduce them to their proper value in estimation, we shall succeed only in obscuring our own view of Egypt as it really existed.

The admirable volume of Dr. Pritchard on Ancient Egypt, which we are happy to see translated into German, we presume through the strong recommendation of the Danish Professor Rask, who asserted its superiority to most modern works of its kind, combines and brings before the eye of the reader all that need be known as containing certainty. Of the ingenious suggestions to reconcile the conflicting authorities, we need not speak here, nor of the effort of Rask to supersede these, in his own volume, on the additional authority of the Parisian Marbles; since it is surely extravagant and monstrous at once to receive and reject Manetho's authority. Mr. Cory, who considers the first fifteen generations to be astronomical, falls into similar error. It is too much to require, with Volney, that we should consent to imagine the earth, sky, or the sky, earth: the principles stated in Dr. D'Oyley's admirable letters on a parallel question, and which had the effect, we are told, of convincing his able adversary, are decisive here. Mr. Cory is, however, far more successful in the brilliant hypothesis of his own framing. Discarding the fifteen dynasties of the Cynic circle (a radical fault, in our opinion), he finds the sixteenth dynasty reigned 190 years; and the Shepherds' 311 years of rule fills the exact period between

the foundation of Egypt, 2192 B.C. and the Exodus, 1491 B.C. He has not, however, accounted for this sixteenth dynasty, and the fifteenth also, being shepherds, as Manetho apud Eusebius states them to have been (Pritchard, p. 30). We must also be hypercritical enough to object that the date is too exact, and that it makes no allowance for the intercalary days, that in 700 years would have made a difference of nearly ten. As it is, however, Mr. Cory has the undoubted merit of adducing the most tenable hypothesis that has yet appeared, and one well deserving of serious consideration.

The argument that tends to prove the identity of Joseph, the son of Jacob, with the second Hermes, is, we consider, correct. The readers of the volume will recur to it with pleasure, in the author's own words; but he has overlooked what we conceive the strongest corroboration, namely, that the original, or first Hermes, was, probably, the Patriarch Abraham. We take this opportunity of stating the fact, for so we consider it; and it is only the want of space in our columns which prevents our going into the evidence, though, we shall be happy to maintain this opinion hereafter. Meantime, we confine ourselves to remarking, that the identity of nation adds force to the identity of designation in the two cases.

Whether the name Zaphnath-Paaneah means Revealer of Secrets, in Hebrew and Coptic; or, as Foster considered it, Priest of the Eternal Spirit; or, as Jerome thought, Saviour of the Earth; or, the Gift of the God of Life, as Dr. Loewe's extraordinary labours have shewn it to be in the Egyptian;—we must object to Mr. Cory's transfer of *ph* to *th*; for, it is more probable that the hieroglyphic is misinterpreted, than that the change could have occurred.

This is almost the only objection that we can take to Mr. Williams's "Essay on the Hieroglyphics of the Ancient Egyptians"—a work of extraordinary care, talent, and profound investigation, and to the particular merits of which, our former review scarcely rendered justice. We have since followed the author, step by step, through his laborious investigations, constantly (with the sole exceptions referred to) satisfied with the results; and the more so, as our own humble inquiries, begun on a different principle, and conducted through a series of operations of a totally different nature, have uniformly produced the same conclusions. We agree, that the Coptic is more probably a deduction or derivation from the language of the hieroglyphics than the language itself—the common root of the Hebrew, Arabic, Ethiopic, Chaldean, and Phœnician, is, as he shews, more likely to be the tongue required (p. 6), and the evidence (at 7 and following pages) is to us decisive on this head; see pp. 11, 12, 14 to 17, for ample instances; and the doctrine of the Ovals, at pp. 18, 19, is borne out by the facts the author adduces. As to the reading of the Oval, or Cartouch, we must say, in spite of all that has been written on the subject, we are very far from being convinced, that the common system is correct, or the only one. It is, in truth, confessedly unequal to its object, and, therefore, we cannot conceive why Mr. Williams's book should have been so coolly passed over. His detection of Champollion's errors, such as quoting for Coptic what is not Coptic, or, otherwise, has not the assumed meaning in Coptic, are startling evidence of his ability for the task he has so long and sedulously pursued; and it, perhaps, will be found, that the two systems do not differ materially, but, in some cases, actually confirm each other. We hope, therefore, to see the labours of this sound and unas-

suming scholar take their deserved place in public attention.

If we wanted any further confirmation of Mr. Williams's opinions, it would be found in the pamphlet of Dr. L. Loewe, to whom we have already alluded. His work, entitled, "The Origin of the Egyptian language proved by analysis from the Hebrew," is, as far as it goes, a satisfactory demonstration of the affinity in identity for which Mr. Williams argues. The extraordinary fact, that the Egyptian and Hebrew coincide in sound and sense, fully shewn, pp. 6, 7, and the number of words in parallel, pp. 14 to 25, in this more introductory essay, induce us to augur highly of the talents and future success of this deserving and ardent scholar, now, we understand, seeking in Egypt herself, the proofs of those mysteries she seems fated no longer to conceal. That in his scarcely attained manhood, he has so succeeded by his single exertions, is a fact that reflects no less honour on himself, than the ready patronage his acknowledged merits have won from several of the English nobility, is a triumphant answer to the detractor that ever gnaws itself away against our aristocracy.

We cannot, however, conceal an opinion that Egypt has ever been too much overrated. Silence can be a proof of wisdom only in the mouth of folly, and the shroud that veils Egyptian antiquity from the eye is but a doubtful passport to fame. We doubt, with the jester of old, if the d—l could read the dead; yet what need for concealment existed if he object was not to stultify and imbrute the humbler multitude. If this is wisdom, the Brahmin is as a god; and how could alphabetic writing be unknown in the days of Cadmus and the Exodus of Moses? The ignorance that, in the last century, questioned the authenticity of Hebrew records, on this ground, was but folly denying Fact—a fact preserved with care and reverence by a whole nation; embracing all standing traditions, or supported by tem; and offering, in testimonial, a code—not an irregular legend, but a code—civilised and erected to a high degree of justice and refinement. Surely, ignorance and love of paradox could sink no lower!

But the same evidence that rescues the Pentateuch, involves Egyptian claims in doubt and disbelief. We mean, of the Egyptian *prop.* Their hieroglyphics are the painted shroud of history; and however beautiful, and however elaborate when considered in themselves in reference to historic truth, we are forced to confess that Greece was but a glowing fantasy, and Egypt a mighty and magnificent. That land appears to have had but the native principle in itself; and, like its own *ty*, to have been but the feminine development of nonentity in intellect—a void, or chitric womb, where foreign infusions lay and ripened to maturity. What were her superior inventions in the scale of national improvement? Her architecture was Ethiopic; her pyramids theirs, or the Shepherds'; her hieroglyphics and mechanics were Phenician; her letters, Syrian; her astronomy, Chaldean; her calendar, Persian; her numerals, perhaps, native, or they were a clog to calculation. Her mathematics were Hebrew; her medicine and anatomy, Babylonian, but devoid of that tendence improvement which distinguished the latter and against which, in Egypt, death was denounced. She took from the stranger the heavy doctrine of the soul's immortality, only to ruce and degrade it below the level of humanity. The Arab was her merchant; the Tyria her navigator; the Scythian in-

structed her martial array. Her sculpture, though borrowed, was but as the eastern: of her likewise borrowed arts of design and colouring, the former was a laboured measurement, the latter as powerless, but as exact as that of Etruria and China. Her splendour was but a golden chain; her pride was servitude; her monuments were the stamp of her shame. And what was her boasted civilisation? The successive billows of Ethiopic conquest and migration, that swept down the feeble forms of existing institutions in their course, bore, also, in their ample bosom, the dark germs of future fertility, to inundate and clothe the aridity of Egypt. There the prophetic curse on the descendants of Ham (for such, and no more, does Canaan denote) was signally complete in that mental deficiency and obtuseness, which, in every age, has rendered the glory of Misraim, a disgrace; and still, undeniably, through every page of recording time, a servant of servants has been to his brethren. We challenge the Christian, the infidel, the pagan,—those who embrace, or doubt, or deny the sacred denunciations,—to arraign its completeness, or to controvert its historic truth.

Let us call this hypothesis, and every step of history trends and tramples the mouldered fragments of the past into yet more hopeless ruin. Let us examine it as a fact, and every trace and hue of that past glows in its fittest and native place; the errors and obscurities of later inquiry, that cast their shadows to obscure and perplex history, are swept away, and the undisfigured canvass presents to the eye the charm of historic beauty, and the simplicity of historic truth. Ask for the Egyptian, and behold him as he is!—not the conqueror, not the sage, not the worshipper of immortality, but the slave of the stranger, the blind servant of illumination, the abject idolater of the kindred brute at his side, or of the very reptile that crawls beneath his feet. Such as the Copt is, the Egyptian was:—dull, lost, and degraded, can we ask for details of his fate? He knows not now; he never did know them! Mr. Lane's admirable volumes,* confirmed by every tongue that records the scenes, by every eye that has witnessed their state, gives, in its very meagreness, the fullest account: their wants, their existence, their present lot, their past attainments, their powers, and their place—all are nothing!

In conclusion, we would recommend to Mr. Cory, a sequel to his "Ancient Fragments," in a collection of historical passages from the Greek writers, such as he alludes to in that work, as parallels to the notices it contains of Egypt, Phenicia, &c.†

MISCELLANEOUS.

Lectures on English Poetry, to the Time of Milton, by Stanhope Busby, Esq. Pp. 118. London, 1837. Whittaker and Co.

A SLIGHT sketch of our early poetry, or rather, of our early poets, in which the writer tastefully notices their peculiar characteristics.

* See Lane's "Modern Egypt" *passim*; but especially the second volume.

† See especially Capt. Mackenzie's Journal, in our *Literary Gazette* of Aug. 5.

‡ At one of Mr. Pettigrew's lectures on opening a mummy, where some of the ablest expounders of hieroglyphics were present, it was agreed that the name on the case was either *Ortasio* or *Rero*. A jocular friend was so amused with this, that he undertook to prove the Egyptian to be a mere variety of the Lowland Scotch dialect. We have forgotten the whole of the example, but we remember something about "Saw ye me dine at th' Abbey with the Ramsays and their nephew, who gave us ham and ices," of which the original roots were *Medinat-abou*; the nephew, *Isneph*; and the refectory, *Ham, Ammon, and Isis*!

Sequel of the Policy of England towards Spain. Pp. 205. (London, Ridgway.)—This is rather a ponderous pamphlet, in answer to the *Quarterly Review*, on Lord Carnarvon's work, and incidentally on that work itself. It seems to proceed from a source of much information and authority on the Christiano side.

Literary Leaves, or Prose and Verse, by D. L. Richardson. Pp. 468. (Calcutta, S. Smith and Co.)—It is some years since Mr. Richardson figured in our London literature, and displayed a degree of zeal and perseverance which attracted considerable notice. We are glad to see that a Bengal climate has not relaxed his energies. The volume before us consists of various pieces, in prose and verse, all evincing a degree of taste and talent which, if not the most vigorous order, is always pleasing enough, and displays an intelligent mind, devoted to the lighter pursuits of the belles lettres.

A Guide for the Sick Chamber, &c., by a Lady. Pp. 191. (Edinburgh, Fraser and Co.; London, Smith, Elder, and Co.; Dublin, Curry, Jun. and Co.)—A pious selection of hymns, prayers, and portions of Scripture, well suited to soothe the chamber of affliction.

Lessons on Form, as given at the Pestalozzi School, Chesham, Surrey, by C. Reimer. Pp. 215. (London, Taylor and Walton.)—The rudiments of geometry are very well explained in these lessons, and the pupil sufficiently prepared to enter upon the higher elements of the science.

Southey's Conqueror, Vol. XIV. (London, Baldwin and Cradock.)—The Odyssey concluded, with a fine frontispiece of Ithaca, and a still lovelier vignette of the same, by Harvey; the former engraved by Goodyear, the latter by Goodall. The famous Battle of the Frogs and Mice fills above twenty pages of the conclusion.

Five Arabian Tales, in German, by A. Lewis Grimm. Pp. 165. (London, Wacey.)—Another very charming volume for the German reader. The wild tales of Araby are capitally rendered.

Donati's German Grammar, on a new and improved Principle. Pp. 97. (London, Noden.)—A fat, elementary book. The new principle consists in using Roman instead of black letter, which is good for English learners' eyes, but bad when one comes to read German works in the ugly old costume.

Ballads and Romances, Tales, Legends, and Idylls of the Germans, &c., by W. Klaus-Kittow. Pp. 384. (London, Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.; Rolandi; Dublin, Miliken; Paris, T. Barrois, filia.)—A very admirable selection, and rendered doubly acceptable to English readers of the German language by a translation of difficult words and passages, and very useful explanatory notes by the intelligent editor.

Investigation, or Travels in the Boudoir, by Caroline A. Halsted. Pp. 296. (London, Smith, Elder, and Co.)—A very charming guide to information on many subjects which interest the middle orders of society. A prettier or more instructive book could hardly be put into the hands of females and youths. The embellishments are very neat, and do much to render the agreeable text still more agreeable.

Guide along the Danube, &c., by R. T. Claridge. Pp. 240. (London, F. C. Westley.)—A very nice little guide-book, not only for the river Danube, but its banks and shores, now so attractive to English tourists, but also to Constantinople, many parts of Greece, and Venice.

The Oakleigh Shooting Code, by T. Oakleigh, Esq. Pp. 206. (London, Ridgway and Sons.)—Approaching August, with its grouse; September, with its partridges; October, with its pheasants and hares, not to mention the merits of this work itself, as an amount of information respecting these and other sports, have called for a second edition of the "Code;" which we recommend to all our sporting friends.

A Turkish Grammar, by W. Schroeder. Pp. 142. (London, Schloss.)—A new and revised edition of a publication calculated to be of much use to travellers and mercantile men, from having a collection of familiar sentences with French and English translations. More elaborate works may be requisite for the learned; but this is a very desirable publication for practical men and purposes.

The Language of Birds, &c., by Mrs. G. Spratt. Pp. 342. (London, Saunders and Otley.)—A beautiful little lady's miscellany, gaily illustrated by twelve coloured plates of pretty birds, and giving an interesting account of the feathered songsters, with a number of appropriate selections concerning them from popular authors in prose and verse. It is altogether not only handsomely "got up," but rendered still more deserving of praise for its literary matter. What a present for the best behaved during the midsummer holidays!

The Botanist: containing accurately Coloured Figures of tender and hairy Plants, with Descriptions, &c. Conducted by B. Maund, F.L.S. and others. 6 Nos. (London, Groombridge.)—Among the many popular and truly valuable periodicals of the present day, the *Botanist* may justly be ranked, both as regards the value and originality of its matter, and the beauty and accuracy of its naturally coloured illustrations. The class to which every flower belongs is distinctly specified; and all the divisions and subdivisions, by the plant, pointed out, and illustrated with appropriate engravings, in a neat and novel manner. Nor is the literary portion confined to mere dry botanical matter, but branches out into descriptions, highly instructive and entertaining; and, above all, contains beautiful and apt quotations from the inexhaustible stores of poetry. We are sorry to put any qualification upon our praise; but we do think, that the "*Rosa Alpina*" should not have been named "*The Rose of Sharon*," seeing that it is "*the rose without a thorn*," and may, in consequence of this new (and we think inappropriate) name, become confounded with the genuine rose that already bears it.

Better have called it the "Rose of Paradise," and our fancies would readily have transplanted it to some imaginary Eden, such as Milton has created, where bloomed
"Flowers of all hue, and without thorn the rose."

There is something natural, pardonable, and pious in thus meeting the minds of the immortals half way; the associations are pleasing. We link a beautiful flower to beautiful poetry, and they become one, and are wedded in inseparable loveliness. Let this hint be taken; and if we must have new English names, let them be the best, and of a kindred with the golden links of song. Enchain them with some thought which can never die. Here we have a rose without a thorn, the beautiful illustration of the sweetest line on flowers in Milton's Paradise, the regal flower of his own garden, the companion of his own down-glancing Eve; in a word, the "Rose of Paradise," before the flowers "their embroidery wore."

On the Efficacy of Carbonic Acid Gas in the Diseases of Tropical Climates, &c. by John Parkin. Pp. 64. (London, Allen and Co.; Higley.)—Mr. Parkin strenuously recommends carbonic acid gas in diseases induced by tropical heat and malaria, and cites many cases of successful treatment. He particularly directs his remarks to the cure of dysentery, both in its acute and chronic stages.

An Analysis of the British Ferns, and their Allies; with copperplate Engravings of every species and variety, by G. W. Francis. 8vo. pp. 68. (London, Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.)—An excellent and satisfactory description of a striking tribe of plants, which, though destitute of flowers, form picturesque and interesting features in many an English landscape. Their bitter principle causes all animals to reject them as food, unless driven to it by famine; and the same quality has led to their being employed in brewing instead of hops—no great improvement, though they contain much tannin and gallic acid, which precipitate feculent matter in the wort.

ARTS AND SCIENCES. ELECTRICAL SOCIETY.

On Saturday evening, the following extracts of a letter from Andrew Crosbie, Esq. were read:—

"Broomfield, near Taunton, August 4th, 1837.

"I am happy to hear that the Electrical Society is going on so well, and shall be ready to contribute any thing in my power to assist it. I commenced my philosophical pursuits at a very early age, viz. at twelve years old, at Mr. Sayer's school, at Bristol, where I studied Cavallo on Electricity, and saved my pocket-money to purchase an electrical machine. In fact, I made my first machine out of a quart bottle, supported by the ends of an old box, and furnished with an iron wire, by way of handle. Before I was fourteen years old, I believe I had read all that was then known of the science; and I attended all the lectures delivered at that time at Bristol. From that time to this, I have been the humble servant of science; and so I shall remain to the close of my life. Those who have attributed vanity or ambition to me have not known my feelings, as I never was more satisfied than I am at present, with my own ignorance of the grand cause of electrical excitement, and its connexion with magnetism, light, and heat. I have, within the last two months, obtained some very interesting results; and I think I may say, have made another step in the mode of procuring or producing crystals, viz. by transferring the electric energy from the zinc and copper plates, to other substances not metallic, in contact with them. Thus, by causing the combined metallic arcs to rest upon quartz or limestone, I have altered the direction of the crystallising action, and transferred it to those substances. In this way I have covered a piece of limestone with very perfect rhomboidal crystals of selenite, or sulphate of lead, which exactly resemble nature, and bear the scrubbing brush quite as well as those of the same kind taken out of a mine or quarry. I have, likewise, in the same manner, covered a piece of quartz with crystalline sulphate of lead, and have other experiments in action which I cannot yet disturb, in which, to all appearance, I have crystals of quartz growing

upon pieces of natural massive quartz. I am more than ever of opinion, that it is possible to form artificially every kind of mineral found in the earth. In one of my experiments, I have a thin incrustation of metallic copper, covering, to a great extent, the surface of a solution of the acetate of copper, and growing from the upper edge of a negative copper plate, in layers, one growing out of the other. In this experiment, the arc of zinc and copper is placed in the magnetic meridian, and it is curious to observe that on the eastern side, the layers of copper only extend to the distance of $\frac{1}{2}$ of an inch from the eastern edge of the copper plate, whereas on the western side, the layers of copper extend to the distance of 2 inches and $\frac{1}{2}$ of an inch from the western edge of the same copper plate. Whether this depends on magnetic or other causes, I cannot say. In another experiment I have formed a specimen of magnetic oxide of iron, but not possessing polarity. In another, I have formed a mineral fungus, in the shape of a common trumpet-mouthed fungus, which is found on trees, &c. It grew out of an electrified jar, filled with hydro-sulphuret of potash, and is $\frac{3}{4}$ of an inch in length, and $\frac{1}{4}$ in diameter. Whether it would have grown in an unelectrified jar I am ignorant. I hope, before long, to be enabled to forward you a paper on my favourite science, and some crystals, when I procure some duplicates. I am, in the mean time, &c.

"ANDREW CROSSE."

Mr. Lynn exhibited to the meeting, and explained the principles of a working model of his electro-magnetic carriage. Adjourned to October.

FINE ARTS. NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The History and Antiquities of Haddon Hall. By S. Rayner. Vol. II.—*A Supplementary Number of the History and Antiquities of Haddon Hall.* By S. Rayner. Derby, 1837, Moseley; London, Weale.

WE noticed, on its appearance, the first volume of this account of the finest relic of the English architecture of the middle ages. The volume before us completes the work; of which it is with justice said, in the publisher's prospectus, that "it must be alike interesting to the antiquary, the amateur, and the architect." The following is the general description of the hall:

"In the midst of romantic scenery, on a rocky eminence, at the foot of which flows the river Wye, and not far from its confluence with the Derwent, stands the castellated mansion of Haddon. Its embattled parapets and crested turrets, proudly towering above the branching woods in which it is embosomed, cause it, when viewed from the vale below, to assume the appearance of a formidable fortress. The building, however, in its present form, is not in the least calculated for defence or protection against a besieging force, according to the military tactics of any period; though there can be little doubt that this mansion, which was the work of different ages, occupies the site of a Norman castle, portions of the lower part of which may be traced in the walls of the towers which overlook both the upper and the lower portals. The general arrangement of this structure is that of a castellated hall, exhibiting some of the characteristic features of the more ancient castles, which were the residences of the nobles and other great landed proprietors of this country from the time of its subjugation by the Norman William, and his followers, till near the close of the fifteenth century, when the triumph of Henry VII. over

the partisans of the rival family of York, terminated the long and sanguinary contest for the crown between the Yorkists and Lancastrians, in the course of which, great numbers of the ancient nobility and chivalry of England perished in the field or on the scaffold. Peace and good order being to a certain extent established, it was no longer necessary that the dwellings of those belonging to the higher orders of society should be strongly fortified buildings, in which their families and retainers might be protected from the attacks of those whom national discord or private feud had made their foes; for now, those who had been accustomed to decide their quarrels by the sword, more frequently resorted to the courts of justice for the redress of injuries, such as had heretofore been the causes of violence, rapine, and bloodshed, in abundance. Hence arose the necessity for erecting habitations more adapted for the convenient accommodation of the owners and their domestics than the old castles which they had previously occupied; and a new mode of building was, consequently, introduced. But it could not reasonably be expected that, under such circumstances, domestic architecture should be exempt from the defects commonly observable in most works of art of a comparatively early date. Those who were employed to construct new habitations, or to alter and adapt old ones, at a time when the crenellated bastion, the moat, and the drawbridge, were no longer essential appendages of the dwelling of a manorial proprietor, must have laboured under peculiar difficulties in the execution of the task assigned them; and it almost necessarily followed that their modifications and reconstructions must often have displayed characteristics of the ancient fort, and have presented few of the conveniences, and fewer still of the beauties, which distinguish the noble mansions and palaces of modern times. There can hardly be conceived a more striking contrast to the sombre grandeur of Haddon Hall, than is exhibited by the splendid magnificence of the neighbouring pile of Chatsworth. The former of these buildings, as Mr. King remarks, is 'one of the most perfect and most curious of the class of castellated houses now remaining; but when viewed as a whole, is almost devoid of all real elegance, or comfortable convenience, and fitted only to entertain a herd of licentious retainers.' In the latter edifice we perceive a unity of design and adaptation of parts, not only beautiful when separately considered, but also deriving new beauties from their connexion with the other portions of the structure to which they belong. The various divisions of the edifice harmonise with each other, and combine with the adjacent scenery to constitute a picture of surpassing elegance and splendour. But how much soever the mansion of Haddon may suffer by comparison with the productions of modern architects, and however deficient it may be in provision for the enjoyment of the comforts and the luxuries of life, yet cannot be denied that it is not only interesting as a model of the domestic arrangement of noble families in former times, and as a picturesque object, suited to the character of the bold and romantic landscape of which it forms a prominent part, but it is likewise deserving of the exact attention of artists and amateurs, as affording examples of elaborate and beautiful workmanship, in the carved pading of its wainscoted apartments, and in the elegant tracery of some of the ceilings."

Mr. Rayner observes,—"The present Duke of Rutland has displayed his taste, his judg-

ment, and his regard for our national antiquities, by giving directions that Haddon Hall shall be kept in proper repair, so that it may serve as a unique model of an old English baronial mansion, and as a valuable monument of the skill and taste of the architects of the middle ages."

Unfortunately, however, the same care has not been extended to the antique furniture of the apartments; and it is painful to read of the manner in which it has been allowed to go to ruin.

"According to Lysons, about 1760, such of the furniture of this mansion as was thought valuable, was removed to Belvoir Castle; and, at the same time, that which was not wanted was lodged in a barn on the north side of the Hall, one end of which extended into what is provincially called 'a by-water,' being a branch of the river Wye. The whole quantity consigned to this miserable repository amounted to ten wagon loads. Here the furniture was kept till the moisture arising from floods and rain reduced the wood-work to a state of rottenness and decay; and then it was ordered to be used for fuel. Fifteen bedsteads were put into a long room near the house, which had been a granary, and is now a stable; and, after being left for a time to fall in pieces, they likewise were ordered to be cut up and burnt. The neglect and consequent destruction to which these relics of antiquity were thus consigned, may be imputed to the person who was then agent to the Duke of Rutland; and who made this unfortunate use of the discretionary power with which, it may be presumed, he was entrusted by his noble employer. This agent, also, when the old building required slating, contrived to raise the requisite funds, or a part of them, by disposing of such of the useless lumber (as he no doubt considered it), as was not fit for fuel. For he sold a lot, consisting of pewter dishes, and iron and brass utensils, with eighteen guns, and half a dozen swords, to one Matthew Strutt, for the sum of twenty pounds. The old man, who now has the care of the mansion, and who acts as a guide to visitors, says, that among the brass articles thus sacrificed, there were curious candlesticks, eighteen inches in diameter at the bottom, with rich mouldings; and he also describes as remarkable, some singular curtain-rods, and carved bedposts, having 'knobs' in the middle, richly carved, a foot and a half in diameter."

The prints in the present volume are from sketches by Mr. Rayner, and Mr. Catermole, and are, at least, equal in merit to those by which the first volume was illustrated.

The main object of the "Supplementary Number" is to supply professional men with more precise details of the ornamental parts of the edifice, executed in such a manner as to serve the purpose of working drawings. The plates are six in number, and are beautifully executed (in a species of lithography new in this country, but borrowed from a German work of a similar kind) from drawings by H. Duesbury, architect.

DISCOVERY IN MEDAL DIE-SINKING!

AN amusing bit of hoax has been going the round of the papers this week, about certain pseudo discoveries made by Signor Pistrucci, who holds an appointment in the Royal Mint, as medallist; viz., that he has found out a mode of making dies, without engraving them,—a wonderful invention, which his love of the English makes him freely give to the public, though he might have secured incalculable advantages by a patent! Funny—a

patent! for a process which has been known to every die-sinker in Birmingham for at least thirty years; of which we have seen numerous proofs in specimens made by the process described—a process which was known also at the Mint before Signor Pistrucci held an appointment there, to devote above twenty years of his invaluable time chiefly, if not entirely, to the execution of a yet unfinished medal to commemorate the battle of Waterloo. He is a clever artist, and 'tis a pity that his attention should be removed from this work, to search after such "mare's nests" as a "discovery;" which, because it is good for nothing, is given to the public, with much credit for liberality. The affair has been proclaimed in the *Times* and other papers, and extinguished by an *exposé* in the *Chronicle*. The statements, for and against, are too long for our columns, especially as much detail has been given in the daily papers mentioned. The only chance of repayment for the publicity given to the process which Signor Pistrucci has discovered is, or ought to be, from the forgers of the coin of the realm, who will not fail to pick up a hint or two from the puff; for if a knowledge of the Birmingham practice has been kept from them, as well as from the Signor, until now, they ought in gratitude to send him an appropriate proof of their skill in a medal of honour! struck by the process.

SOCIETY FOR THE ENCOURAGEMENT OF BRITISH ART.

ON Saturday last, this Society decided, by lot, who were to be the fortunate possessors of two pictures, purchased by this Society, to encourage young artists of talent in the preceding exhibition at the British Gallery. The pictures were Paola and Francesca, from Dante, by Mr. Cope, and a cattle-piece, by Sidney Cooper—a judicious choice, and evidence of the improved judgments of the committee. Our excellent friend, Mr. Moyes, the printer of the *Literary Gazette*, was the fortunate winner of the picture by Mr. Cope. There were 240 subscribers, at a guinea each, who have the honest gratification of feeling that they have contributed to the encouragement of art by the purchase of two pictures, the production of young men of talent. Fortune may, in turn, smile upon them.

MARYLEBONE LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC INSTITUTION.

WE attended two lectures on "Perspective Rectified," delivered by Mr. A. Parsey, at the Marylebone Literary and Scientific Institution, on the 7th and 14th instant. It is not a subject on which we can enter into details; but, as far as we are able to comprehend Mr. Parsey's principles, we by no means agree with them. Among other "rectifications" of perspective, Mr. Parsey maintains that, in a drawing or picture, vertical lines, for instance, the lines which bound a tower that is equally broad at the base and the summit, and horizontal lines, for instance, the lines which bound the top and bottom of a level wall, viewed in front, ought to be made to converge, because they appear to converge in the reality. Now Mr. Parsey forgets that a drawing or picture itself runs into perspective; that if the lines in question be drawn parallelly, they will, when the drawing or picture is viewed from the proper point (and there is but one proper point), appear to converge, precisely as they appear to converge in the reality; and that, if to this apparent convergence an actual convergence be added by the artist, the perspective will become exaggerated

and false. Nor can we admire the tone in which Mr. Parsey speaks of science and scientific men. It is a tone which it is evident he is not at all entitled to assume.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

THUGS AND THUGGEE.

PROCEEDING to the end of our information on this remarkable subject, we have, in the first place, to continue the revelations respecting the robberies and murders on the rivers, as extracted from the witnesses and criminals at the trials before Capt. Sleeman.

"Q. Where do the river Thugs reside chiefly?—*Imam Buksh*. They formerly, as I have heard my father and other old men say, constituted the exclusive population of some villages, till a *gardee* (inroad) was made upon them, and their villages were pulled down about their ears.

"Q. What was the cause of this?—*Imam Buksh*. They never kill women; and there was a party of five travellers, four men and one woman, who wanted to pass across the river with them at Rajmahul. They contrived to leave the woman behind; and this led to the discovery of the murder of the men. From that time they have been scattered over the district of Burdwan; and now they live in villages occupied by other people, four or five families of them in a village. They go in considerable parties, and have generally several boats at the ghat at the same time. The ghats most frequented by them are those of Kohelgaum, Rajmahul, Moremukkaea, an invalid station, and Monghyr; but they go on so far as Cawnpore, and even Furruckabad. Their murders are always perpetrated in the day time. Those who do the work of the boatmen are dressed like other boatmen; but those who take a part in the operations, are dressed like travellers of great respectability; and there are no boats on the river kept so clean and inviting for travellers. When going up the river, they always pretend to be men of some consideration going on pilgrimage to some sacred place, as Banares, Allahabad, &c. When going down, they pretend to be returning home from such places. They send out their *sothas*, or inveiglers, well dressed upon the high roads, who pretend to be going by water to the same places as the travellers they fall in with. On coming to the ghat, they see these nice-looking boats, with the respectably dressed Thugs amusing themselves. They ask the *manjee* (captain) of the boat to take them and the travellers on board, as he can afford to do so cheaper than others, having, apparently, his boat already engaged by others. He pretends to be pushed for room; and the Thugs pretend to be unwilling to have any more passengers on board. At last he yields to the earnest requests of the inveiglers, and the travellers are taken up. They go off into the middle of the river, those above singing, and playing, and making a great noise; while the travellers are murdered inside, at the signal given by three taps, that all is clear; and their bodies are thrown into the river. The boat then goes on to some other ghat, having landed their inveiglers again upon the roads.

"Q. How many of these river Thugs do you suppose there are?—*Imam Buksh*. I have never served with them but once, and cannot say; perhaps from two hundred to two hundred and fifty.

"Q. You are said to have occasionally gone with the river Thugs; what do you call them?—*Bukhtawur*. We call them *Pungooos*.

On one occasion only have I ever served with them.

"Q. What was the said occasion?—*Bukhtawur*. About fourteen years ago I had been on an expedition from Chupra to Moorsheadabad. We were twenty-two Thugs, under *Sewbuns Jemadar*, who was a Rajpoot. Two of our gang, *Khoda Buksh* and *Alee Yar*, had often served with the river Thugs, and used to interest us by talking about their modes of proceeding. On the other side of *Rajmahul* we fell in with two of these Thugs. They had two bundles of clothes, and pretended to be going on a pilgrimage, and had with them five travellers, whom they had picked up on the road. *Sewbuns* recognised them immediately, and *Alee Yar* and *Khoda Buksh* found in them old acquaintances. They got into conversation with them; and it was agreed that *Sewbuns*, I, and *Dhorda Kormee*, should go with them, and see how they did their work, while the rest of the gang went on along the bank of the river. We embarked at *Rajmahul*. The travellers sat on one side of the boat, and the Thugs on the other; while we were all three placed in the stern, the Thugs on our left, and the travellers on our right. Some of the Thugs, dressed as boatmen, were above deck; and others walking along the bank of the river, and pulling the boat by the goon, or rope; and all, at the same time, on the look-out. We came up with a gentleman's pinnace and two baggage-boats, and were obliged to stop and let them get on. The travellers seemed anxious; and were quieted by being told that the men at the rope were tired, and must take some refreshment. They pulled out something, and began to eat; and when the pinnace had got on a good way, they resumed their work, and our boat proceeded. It was now afternoon; and when a signal was given above that all was clear, the five Thugs, who sat opposite the travellers, sprung in upon them, and, with the aid of others, strangled them. They put the roomal round the neck from the front, while all the other Thugs put it round from behind; they thus push them back, while we push them forward. Having strangled the five men, they broke there spinal bones, and pounded their private parts; and then threw them out of a hole made at the side into the river, and kept on their course, the boat being all this time pulled along by the men on the bank. The booty amounted to about two hundred rupees. We claimed and got a share for all our party; and *Sewbuns* declared that we were twenty-nine, while we were really only twenty-three, and got a share for that number. He cheated them out of the share of six men. We landed that night, and rejoined our gang, and operated upon the roads leading along the river *Ganges* till we got to the *Moremukae* ghat, where there is an invalid station, about four coss the other side of *Bar*. Here we fell in with the same party of *Pungoos*, or river Thugs, who had three travellers with them. I did not join them this time; but *Sewbuns*, with two other members of our gang, went on board, and saw them strangled. What share he got I do not know.

"Q. Where do they reside?—*Bukhtawur*. They reside about *Beerbhom*, *Bancoora*, *Kutna-Kutooa*, *Sewree*, and other places in the district of *Burdwan*, which is a very large district. *Kulna* and *Kutooa* are two distinct towns on the *Bhageeruttie* river, half way from *Calcutta* to *Moorsheadabad*, though we always join their names together in speaking of the place. Thugs do not live in these or any other towns, as they are there always liable to be a good

deal annoyed by police questions, but in small villages round about them.

"Q. What do you call police questions?—*Bukhtawur*. Questions about who's come; who's gone; who's born; who's dead; what's your occupation; whence your income? and so forth. These questions annoy Thugs a good deal, and oblige them to share their incomes with the police men, as well as with the *Zumeendars*."

Captain *Sleeman* states, that he has rarely discovered in Thuggee "any instance of what may be termed wanton cruelty: that is, pain inflicted beyond what was necessary to deprive the person of life—pain either to the mind or body." We have already alluded to their general implicit deference to omens, and to the regulations of their sect. These regulations prescribe that the following classes shall be exempt from their attacks: washermen, bards, fakers, saiks, dancing boys or men, or musicians, sweepers, oil-venders, blacksmiths, and carpenters, when found together, maimed and leprous persons, a man with a cow, *Burhumcharies* *Nanuk-shahees*, *Ganges* water-carriers when conveying the holy-water, and women. Few deviations from the above appear to have been perpetrated, and it seems to be the general feeling among Thugs, that to those deviations, and the vengeance of the goddess thus engendered, we are indebted for our surprising success in suppressing Thuggee. We may here add, that from attempting the destruction of Europeans they are deterred by three motives: first, Europeans seldom carry valuables; secondly, they usually carry pistols; and, thirdly, such a hue and cry would be raised after a missing European, that the consequences would be too probably fatal. In respect to the above exemptions, it may be observed, that the Mussulmans appear somewhat less scrupulous than the Hindoos: whenever a woman has been murdered, it has usually been by the former. In respect to the proportion of these castes, it may be stated, that in the *Doab* four-fifths are Hindoos. In *Bengal*, *Behar*, and *Orissa*, they are about half and half; but throughout the rest of India, the far greater portion are Mussulmans. The most crafty, intelligent, and daring of all Thugs, are those from *Arcoot*, in the *Carnatic*, seventy miles west of *Madras*. By a sort of general assent, these men are the most to be dreaded; wherever they go they appear to be recognised leaders. It appears from Captain *Sleeman's* work, that the great carriers of grain, salt, and merchandise over the larger portion of *Hindustan*, the *Brinjaries*, are frequently engaged in Thuggee, whenever occasion offers, and that many have procured a great portion of their wealth from these horrible practices. We had often surmised, from what we personally knew of the characters of these men, that such was the case; but we were not aware till now that the fact was well authenticated. From their having no fixed habitations, and mingling so little with the inhabitants of the country through which they pass, their detection would seem especially difficult; the more especially as they seldom retain any plunder except money, for fear of the custom's officers, and have no local authorities to conciliate. The attention of Thugs to omens is extraordinary; nor less singular is the superstitious belief they entertain in the inspiration of the consecrated pickaxe, which is carried in the waist-belt of the shrewdest, cleanest, most sober and careful man of the party, and is considered their protector and guide, and, in fact, to possess a host of virtues. They believe that no man's family long survives an ordinary

murder, but becomes extinct; and, in like manner, they believe that a Thug who kills without attending to the omens, &c. loses his own children, and is never blessed with more, and cannot escape punishment. They believe that the nonobservance of these omens has been, in a great measure, the cause of their present misfortunes—that *Kali* has deserted them; for that in former years, when there was something like religion and good faith among them, they found friends every where, and that retribution was severely visited by the deity on the heads of several native princes and others, who had seized and punished many of their class.

The following part of an examination explains some of the process of juvenile initiation into the mysteries of Thuggee.

"Q. And your children, too, reverence their Thug fathers like other sons, even after they have become acquainted with their trade?—*Sahib*. The same: we love them, and they love us the same.

"Q. At what age do you initiate them?—*Sahib*. I was initiated by my father when I was only thirteen years of age.

"Q. Have you any rule as to the age?—*Sahib*. None: a father is sometimes avaricious, and takes his son out very young, merely to get his share of the booty: for the youngest boy gets as much in his share as the oldest man; but, generally, a father is anxious to have his son in the rank of the *Burkas* as soon as possible; he does not like to have him considered a *Kuboola* after he has attained the age of puberty.

"Q. How soon do you let them see your operations?—*Sahib*. The first expedition they neither see nor hear any thing of murder. They know not our trade; they get presents, purchased out of their share, and become fond of the wandering life, as they are always mounted upon ponies. Before the end of the journey they know that we rob. The next expedition they suspect that we commit murder, and some of them even know it; and in the third expedition they see all.

"Q. Do they not become frightened?—*Sahib*. Not after the second or third expedition."

It is remarkable also, that, notwithstanding their horrible principle of destroying life, sacrificially, so great is the Thug detestation of bloodshed, that they never use the weapons they carry for self-defence in any case whatever. There are also, it appears, some oaths, which they dare not violate, even for the purposes of concealment. Their religious feelings are further attested by the fact of their making offerings, proportioned to their success, in their temples: and the chief of these, at *Mirzapoor*, whose priests are also Thugs, is, consequently, furnished with the most splendid contributions of this nefarious trade. Besides, *Hindoos* and *Mussulmans* of every class belonging to this sanguinary sect, the *jemadar* of the village is found in general to be the participant and regulator of their enterprises and booty. If not actually one of the gang, every artifice and means is used to win his connivance. If he enter the brotherhood, one tenth of the pearls, gold, jewels, and richer articles, are his; and a sixth of the coin and inferior property in the division. Of the booty, each man seizes and carries off whatever falls in his way, till the general allotment, when each portion is given up, upon oath, for the general benefit; and of the shares, the *Shemseens* and *Warawuls*, those who hold the victim's hands or legs, and his horse's bridle—the scouts, or *Tillai*, who look out against interruptions during the murder or burial—and the

Lugghees, or grave-diggers, all follow the Bhurtotes in a claim for additional shares before the whole gang participate in the spoil. Splendid shawls and brocades, which might be identified, are torn into strips, that each may divide the danger; heavier articles are destroyed, if they cannot be disposed of by the inferior bankers, who, for their own interests, keep up a connexion all over the country; and the religious mendicants, who are eternally traversing Hindostan, lend themselves to facilitate the communication from place to place. The priest, the monk, the noble, and the farmer, all, however apparently or in reality engaged in other pursuits, thus combine into one system, for communicating information of victims, or for concealing the murderers, whenever inquiry happens to be made. They recognise their brethren by a sort of freemasonry, and use, like the gipsies, a peculiar slang, not a separate language. In the nizam's territory they are not scrupulous as to the burial of the dead, which, whenever it occurs, is performed with the *nishan kassi*, or sacred pickaxe; and it is always itself carefully deposited in the ground by the bearer, Nishan Wallah, at every halt, with its head in the direction of the intended route. The strangulation, formerly effected by a rope, is now performed with a cotton cloth or handkerchief, the *pahu* or *roumal*. The victim is thrown off his guard at the last moment by the inquiry, What time of night do the stars say it is? and as he, in common with the rest, raises up his head, the *maujeh*, or signal, is given, and, his neck thus freely exposed, receives the fatal knot. If the soil is light (as the Review notices), the bodies are pierced by weapons, that they may not swell and burst their graves, which are extremely shallow. In other places the earth is carefully plastered down, and *chulees*, or fire-places, are constructed upon it, to conceal any trace of the transaction, the soil removed being, in such cases, carried carefully away to some distant spot.

At other times, the route of one gang is marked by the direction of these *Chulees*, and by a foot impressed on a particular place, selected and smoothed for the purpose, and with the toes turned towards their course: for these signs, in cases of doubt and difficulty, such as the meeting of roads, the fords of rivers, the succeeding gangs are prepared to look.

Notwithstanding the systematic dissimulation of their conduct, these murderers are represented as mild, cheerful, and unobtrusive; attentive to their duties; and, in other respects, good members of society; particularly observant of cleanliness and neatness. They pride themselves, too, on honesty; and, as they distinguish their human sacrifices from murder, which they profess to abhor, so also they are anxious to have it understood, that their taking of booty is not theft. In fact, even when condemned to death, they are solicitous that the documents containing their fate should not designate them thieves or murderers.*

The accounts of this system seem to have taken the world by surprise; but Indian papers, and the *Asiatic Journal* have contained repeated notices of the Thugs, or Phansigars. As descendants of the original destroyers, they only carry into regular system the human sacrifices which the goddess Kali, Devi, or Dabie, demands at festivals from all her worshippers. In Bahar, where civilisation had not fully penetrated thirty years ago, the festal

days of the goddess were celebrated by innumerable throngs; and images were substituted for human offerings, which the English, as the natives stated, would not allow to be sacrificed. In fact, the first day of the festival, the goddess was worshipped as the *Destroyer*, afterwards as the *Rescued from danger*, and, finally, as the *Dea Genetrix*, with the most revolting rites: but it is remarkable, that the native traditions, of the second event, were more consonant, as *mythoi*, with historic truths than any of the similar details printed and published in England.

There is little doubt but that, in many of the neighbouring countries, sects, somewhat similar in denomination and rites, still exist; but, as these do not carry their practices to any thing like the same horrible lengths, it might be difficult to determine which are the real corruptors of the original tenets. We may recur to this hereafter.

BIOGRAPHY.

W. DANIELL, ESQ. R.A.

THIS admirable artist died on the 16th, at Brecknock Terrace, New Camden Town, after four months of extreme suffering. In him the Academy has lost one of its brightest ornaments, and society a most amiable and kind-hearted man. To his indefatigable industry and versatile talents, the *Literary Gazette* has ever borne ample testimony. His pictures, in the last exhibition of the Royal Academy, have never been surpassed by any of his best performances. His exertions on that occasion were great, and met with deserved approbation. Besides the Panorama of Madras, painted conjointly with Mr. Parris, and that of the Island of Ceylon, and the Capture of the Elephant, by himself, the works of Mr. Daniel, in the Oriental Annual, and other publications, are before the public, to a greater extent than those of any other member of the Royal Academy, with the exception of the late Thomas Stothard; and, like him, his talents were the union of grace and design. His age was 68. His uncle, who is now living, is 88.

MUSIC.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

My Little Barque Haste o'er the Deep: a Barcarole. The Poetry by L. C. Plumer, Esq.; the Music by H. Lee. Lee.

A LIGHT and extremely pretty barcarole; the symphony and accompaniment simple and easy. To amateurs, who find it difficult to remember any thing when asked to sing, this would prove a perfect treasure.

The Little Gay Deceiver: a most Lachrymose Ditty. By the Author of "Mephistophiles in England." Power.

WITH no great claims as to wit, but withal so perfectly absurd, that we defy its being heard without roars of laughter.

Hey! for the Bonny Braes: a Ballad. The Poetry by John Imhah, Esq.; the Music by Alexander Lee. Lee.

A LIVELY and spirited Scotch air. We should say, arranged by Mr. Alexander Lee in a most agreeable manner.

Of What is the Old Man Thinking? Ballad. The Poetry by Thomas Haynes Bayly, Esq.; the Music by J. P. Knight. Mori and Lavenue.

MR. BAYLY's words are ever sweet. This is not one of his best ballads; but will be a favourite with many. The music is less suited to the words than is usual with this gentleman's songs. It is, however, very superior to the mass of music published daily in London.

My Love is o'er the Sea: send him Hame! a Ballad. The Poetry by Andrew Park, Esq.; the Music by Alexander Lee. Lee.

A BEAUTIFUL ballad, as sung by Mrs. Waylett, almost the only ballad-singer we have left. It will also be found a great acquisition in the drawing-room.

God save the Queen, the National Anthem. Arranged by G. Herbert Rodwell. D'Almaine and Co.

AN excellent arrangement of our National Anthem; the last verse is new, and, to our minds, as good as need be: it is not a song to display any great imagination, "Queen and her" being the only necessary alterations.

DRAMA.

Her Majesty's Theatre concluded the subscription season on Tuesday, but finishes with an extra night to-night. Throughout, the vocal attractions have been of the highest order, though the operas have not always been equal to the performers. The ballet has been less deserving of applause, for, except the everlasting crouching and *espiglerie* of Duvernay, in the *cachoucha* dance—the allurements whereof seemed nightly to gratify certain old beaux and younger *roués*—there has been nothing in that line to attract spectators.

Drury Lane.—At a general meeting of the Proprietors, on Thursday, a precious report of the Committee was read; from which it appeared, that all the statements of unbounded success, &c. which appeared in the bills throughout the season, were gross falsehoods, and that, instead of these delusions, the concern had been reduced to the utmost distress. The report then proceeds to throw dust in the eyes of the proprietors, renters, and public, by alleging almost every cause but the truth, for the failure of the speculation. It never seems to occur to the Committee, that character has any thing to do with the affairs of a theatre, or that such a property may be ruined by brutalised men and degraded women, and utter disreputableness throughout. The Committee, however, bear the highest testimony to the virtues and efforts of their lessee; with whom, we fancy, they are going to try it on again in honest and holy fellowship.

Haymarket.—The novelties of the last week have been *The Nervous Man*, for the first time at this theatre, in which Farren and Power are rich in the two opposites; and Buckstone's new comedy, *Love and Murder; or, The School for Sympathy!* part comedy, part farce, in three acts. The whole comic talent of the house is employed in this piece. The plot is far too complicated for us even to attempt to unravel; we shall, therefore, content ourselves with speaking of the merits of the writing and of the performers. The dialogue is not quite so smart as it might have been; and there are not so many "hits" as usual in Mr. Buckstone's works: but, to atone for this, the piece is full of bustle and incident. Mrs. Glover has a capital part, and makes the most of it; she is certainly an admirable actress, and, though not quite so young as she has been, her spirit is the making of any part entrusted to her. Mrs. Humby, also, in one of her waiting-maid characters, is irresistibly funny. Buckstone, with his usual modesty, has given himself a secondary part, leaving to Farren the most prominent one; they are both perfect. Mrs. Nesbitt and Miss Taylor look prettily, and play their nice parts very cleverly. Mrs. W. Clifford and Mrs. Tayleure, also do justice to their more subordinate ones. Strickland,

* A skull of one of their chiefs is to be seen in the museum of the Royal Asiatic Society: it is small, and with a low forehead.—Ed. L. G.

Saville, &c. &c., complete the cast, and aid in rendering this one of the most amusing and laughable pieces we have seen. We cannot resist quoting a new turn given to the much abused clubs. Mrs. Nesbitt, in making an assignation for the evening, says: "My husband will be sure to be at his club." The listening husband's (aside) is, "Oh! these clubs, what opportunities they do give the wretches!"

English Opera.—A new ballet, called *Diana and Endymion*, has been produced here, in which Miss Ballin and M. Gilbert, display much activity.

VARIETIES.

British Institution.—We hope that none of our readers who love the arts, and have had it in their power to visit this splendid collection, have omitted to avail themselves of the opportunity. If there be any such, we beg to intimate to them, that after next Saturday they will be too late.

Mrs. Cocking.—We are glad to see the subscription for poor Mrs. Cocking is filling benevolently. Besides her Majesty's fifty pounds, the exhibition at Vauxhall Gardens, on Wednesday week, produced above a hundred and eighty pounds, and there has been a tolerable list advertised, varying from five pounds to ten shillings. We trust enough will be raised to purchase a decent annuity for the bereaved old lady.

Magnetism.—Professor Parrot, of Dorpat, has undertaken a journey to the North Cape, to take magnetic observations; and he has invited men of science, in various parts of Europe, to make corresponding observations on the 21st, 24th, 28th, or 31st of this month (August), with a view to throw further light on the theory of the magnetism of the earth.

Mr. Faraday.—We learn, and we need hardly say with no great regret (for no title could illustrate a name so eminent in science), that we were misinformed respecting the knighthood conferred on Mr. Faraday. Sir A. W. Calcott and Sir W. J. Newton, of high rank in the fine arts, have been graced by that distinction.

Weather-Wisdom.—We fear last week must have been another balm for those who relied on the prediction of "windy," "cloudy," and "unsettled," though glorious weather for the crops and the country. What we have since the 16th, is equally at issue with prophecy: but we quote as usual. "The sun having the declination of Saturn and Jupiter on the 18th and 19th, will bring thunder, lightning, wind, and rain. The sun with Jupiter brings warmer weather, yet windy about the 22d."

Iron Smelting.—The *Cambridge* newspaper states that a Mr. Crane, who had secured himself by a patent, has fully succeeded in smelting iron with anthracite coal submitted to a warm blast; and augurs an immense increase of profitable iron-works from this source, as the ironstone largely alternates with anthracite, and thus, instead of being confined, as heretofore, to districts where bituminous coal is found, the manufacture may be carried on in extensive tracts of country where the anthracite abounds.

Entomology.—A Parisian correspondent of the *Times* (August 13) notices that no *hannetons* (Maybugs, or beetles), which were last year collected by the bushel, are this season to be seen; whilst an immense multitude of *papillons* (moths) rise, at sunset, every evening from the Pont Royal, and other places about Paris.

The French Association for the Promotion of Science is to meet at Metz on the 5th of Sep-

tember, six days before the *British*, at Liverpool. We observe, by the newspapers, that Newcastle-upon-Tyne is already putting forth a feeler to obtain the honour of the latter for the ensuing year. The claim stood very well at Bristol last year. (See *L. G.*)

Cardinal Fesch.—This celebrated person has sold a number of his pictures to raise a sum for the relief of the distressed manufacturers of Lyons; and it is mentioned to be his intention to found a school of the Fine and Useful arts at Ajaccio, in Corsica, whither he has already sent a large collection of ancient sculptures, and a great number of paintings are to follow.

Dramatic.—America has won one of our most accomplished vocalists from us. Madame Caradori Allan, with her husband, sail to-day for New York, where this chaste and admirable singer is engaged for fifty nights. We believe some 5000*l.* is secured; and, if purity and excellence deserve that sum, it is in this instance well deserved. Buckstone leaves the Adelphi for Drury; but Yates and John Reeve, though both on the doctor's list, are not so ill but that they may be expected to appear, in good order, at the opening of the minor.

The Trade of the Indus, &c.—Bearing upon this subject, treated of in our first paper in the preceding *Literary Gazette*, the annexed extract will be found to give some important intelligence.

The real secret of the ill success that has hitherto attended the opening of the navigation of the Indus, is the poverty of the countries it communicates with, and the force of habit which keeps the little trade they possess in the channels in which it has taken place for a length of time. In the course of a few years, however, a gradual change may be expected, and symptoms of it are even now discernible. Amongst these, the importation of wool, from Mekran and Candahar, is one of the most important and promising. This valuable staple, which has only recently figured in the trade of India, it appears, may be obtained in vast quantities in the countries to the north and west of the Indus; and as the demand for it at home appears to be nearly unlimited, we do not doubt that, as the trade with them has been opened, it will rapidly increase; and when it becomes of more magnitude, that the advantages of the Indus for carrying it on will be more appreciated, especially as wool is a bulky article, upon which the expenses of land carriage tell most seriously.—*Bombay Courier.*

European Publishing.—The annual issues of the English press average about twelve hundred volumes; those of the French and German, five thousand each. In ten years to come, estimating from the increase during ten years past, there will be issued in England, France, and Germany, more than one hundred and fifty thousand new books. There are more than eighty periodicals in Great Britain, devoted to all the various departments of useful human knowledge. Many of them are conducted with great ability. The number, also, in France and Germany is very considerable.—*Prospectus of American Society, noticed in preceding Gazette.*

Arabian Travel.—A letter from Bombay communicates the following intelligence regarding the progress of the passengers and packets of the *Hugh Lindsay*, on her trip to the Gulf in September last:—"We heard last night of the safety of Messrs. Stewart and Alexander, who set out from here in the *Hugh Lindsay*, in September, and chose the route through Arabia. They were stopped and robbed at Lemloon: Mr. Fitzjames, who was car-

rying a mail, was with them, but we are happy to find they are all now safe on their way, and it is supposed their money will be returned to them. They had money and coins to the amount of 400*l.* with them. The mail is safe." Lemloon, the place mentioned above, is a village in Arabia, upon the Euphrates, about midway between Bussorah and Hillah, and ten miles below the marshes which bear that name.—*Calcutta Courier, Feb. 7.*

Pumpkin Sugar.—Sugar extracted from pumpkins, say the French journals, is equal, in every respect, to beet-root sugar.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

Mr. William Savage has in the Press, the Case on the 43d of Elizabeth, with the Opinion attributed to Mr. Serjeant Snigge in the reign of James I., with Observations respecting the Author.

In the Press.

Wanderings and Excursions in South Wales, including the Course of the River Wye, by Mr. Thomas Roscoe, with Plates, from Drawings by Harding, Cox, Fielding, Crewick, &c.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Robinson's Greek and English Lexicon of the New Testament, edited by Dr. Bloomfield, 8vo. 3*ss.*—Copies for Writing Greek in Schools, by A. B. Evans, D.D. Head Master of Market Bosworth Free School, 4to. 5*s.* cloth.—An Essay on the Properties of Iodine and its Compounds, by C. Cogswell, A.B. M.D. 8vo. 5*s.*—Discourses, chiefly on Doctrinal Subjects, by the Rev. R. Nesbit, Poonah, 2d edition, 8vo. 7*s.* 6*d.*—Hand-Book for Travellers in Southern Germany, 12mo. 3*s.* 6*d.*—Lectures on English Poetry, by S. Busby, Esq. 12mo. 3*s.*—A History of British Quadrupeds, by T. Bell, F.R.S. Professor of Zoology in King's College, 8vo. with 300 illustrations, 2*ss.*; royal 8vo. 2*l.* 16*s.*; imperial 8vo. 4*l.* 4*s.*—Ten Sermons on Popish Errors, preached at Liverpool, 12mo. 6*s.*—Exercises in Orthography, on entirely a New Plan, by H. Hopkins, 18mo. 1*s.* 6*d.*—An English Grammar, by M. Green, 12mo. 1*s.* 6*d.*—Archbold's Recent Criminal Statutes, 12mo. 5*s.*

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1837.

	Thermometer.	Barometer.
August.		
Thursday .. 10	From 46 to 73	29.99 to 29.94
Friday 11	... 51 .. 73	29.93 .. 29.85
Saturday .. 12	... 47 .. 75	29.90 .. 29.94
Sunday 13	... 43 .. 76	30.04 .. 30.11
Monday .. 14	... 40 .. 78	30.15 .. 30.18
Tuesday .. 15	... 40 .. 75	30.13 .. 30.12
Wednesday 16	... 47 .. 70	30.06 .. 30.02

Winds, S.W. and N.E.

Generally clear; a few drops of rain on the afternoon of the 16th.

Edmonton.

CHARLES HENRY ADAMS.

Extracts from a Meteorological Register kept at High Wycombe, Bucks, by a Member of the Meteorological Society, July 1837.

Thermometer—Highest	80.00	.. the 27th.
Lowest	50.00	.. 1st.
Mean	58.43	45
Barometer—Highest	30.06	.. 1st and 2d.
Lowest	29.11	.. 29th.
Mean	29.74	24.87

Number of days of rain, 10.

Quantity of rain, in inches and decimals, 1.64.

Winds.—3 North-East—1 East—3 South—9 South-West—3 West—10 North-West—3 North.

General Observations.—The month was very fine, the quantity of rain being small, little more than one half of the quantity in July last year, and twenty-one days were without any rain. The mean temperature was higher than in the same month last year, but not so high as in the two preceding years. The barometer was lower, as respects the extremes, than in the corresponding month last year; but there was an extraordinary coincidence in the mean and that of last year, the difference being only the 1029th part of an inch. Thunder was heard on the 18th, in the afternoon; the wind chiefly from the Westward, veering from the South-West to the North-West.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The Medallion Engraving.—To Mr. Ogilby, and other subscribers, who have written to us respecting the Medallion Engraving, which was given with our No. 1047, we beg to observe, that, being printed on stiff paper, it cannot well be forwarded by post; and if so sent, would be inevitably spoiled, and rendered useless as an illustration of the subject. We will, however, keep copies to be delivered whenever it may suit the convenience of our distant friends to have them called for.

Mr. Haynes Bayly's new Novel reached us too late for notice this week.

ERRATUM.—In last *Gazette*, page 506, col. 2, line 6 from bottom, for season, read reason.

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